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AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND LOGIC IN THE MARISCHAL COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

INCLUDING MANY OF HIS ORIGINAL LETTERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ac

BY

SIR WILLIAM FORBES

OF PITSLIGO, BART.

ONE OF THE EXECUTORS OF DR BEATTIE.

ROYAL

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. III.

Mihi quidem quanquam est ereptus, vivit tamen, semperque vivet. Virtutem enim amavi illius viri, quæ extincta non est. Nec mihi soli versatur ante oculos, qui illam semper in manibus habui, sed etiam posteris erit clara et insignis.—CIC. *Læl. De Amic. cap.* 27.

EDINBURGH:

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1807.

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THE

LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

SECTION III.—CONTINUED.

THE following letter relates to a plan which had been formed by some of Dr Beattie's friends here, of publishing the prose-works of Addison in a separate collection. The admirers of that eminent moralist, and truly classical writer, had long lamented, that, in order to be gratified with a perusal of his excellent compositions, they were forced to look for them in scattered parts, and in separate volumes. There is, indeed, a magnificent edition, in quarto, by Baskerville, of the writings of Addison; but that book contains not only his prose but his poetical pieces, which are

certainly not the best of his performances; and it is likewise so expensive, as to be above the reach of many who would otherwise wish to be purchasers; and who would also be gratified by a perusal of some anecdotes of his life not generally to be met with. Such a selection, therefore, from his prose-writings only, together with a critique on his style and manner of writing, it was thought would be a most acceptable present to the admirers of Addison. Nor did we know any one so fit for the task as Dr Beattie, whose good taste, added to his enthusiastic admiration of that author, whom he had chosen as his own model in composition, qualified him highly for such an undertaking. On its being proposed to him, he most cheerfully agreed to set about it without delay; and even promised to himself much gratification in the execution.

The original intention was to have published the whole of Addison's prose-works, to which Dr Beattie proposed to prefix a biographical and critical preface, in the latter part of which he meant to insert a *Critique* on the style of Addison, so as to have shown its peculiar merits, as well as to have pointed out historically the changes which the English language has undergone from time

to time, and the hazard to which it is exposed of being debased and corrupted by the innovations which have of late years found their way into the style of our best and most esteemed writers. Such a preface, however, if properly executed, he found would run the length of half a volume, and would require both more time and application than the state of his health and other avocations would permit him to bestow upon it. He was therefore compelled, though reluctantly, to abandon a plan, from the performance of which we had looked forward with such high expectations of intellectual delight. He gave hopes, indeed, that he might resume the design, at some future period, of commenting on the prose-writings of Addison; but he did not live to carry it into execution. All that he was able to do, therefore, on occasion of the republication of these periodical papers, (to which were added his 'Evidences of the Christian Religion,') was to subjoin Tickell's 'Life of Addison' entire, which, though brief, is authentic, and extremely well written, together with some extracts from Dr Johnson's 'Remarks on Addison's Prose.' This Dr Beattie has accordingly done; adding a few notes to make up for any material deficiency there may be

thought to be in Tickell's narrative, and illustrating Johnson's critique by a few occasional annotations. Slight as those additions are which Dr Beattie has made to his stock of materials, with which he originally set to work, the admirer of Addison will be much gratified by some new information, and to which Dr Beattie has given a degree of authenticity, by adhering, even in this instance, to his general practice of putting his name to every thing he wrote.*

LETTER CXCIV.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 13th November, 1786.

"I mean instantly to set about the preface to Addison. I beg you will inform me, whether the printing of the edition be actually begun, and when Mr Creech thinks it will be finished. As my preface will be printed last, it will come in good time (I suppose) five or six months hence.

I intend to give in it, first, a brief account of Addison's life (in which I shall have occasion to contradict some of Johnson's remarks); and, secondly, a sort of criticism on his writings, particularly his prose-style. On this head, it will fall in my way to speak of the present rage of innovation in our language; a subject which I have touched upon in the preface to the Scotticisms, but which I purpose to consider with some minuteness in the other preface."

LETTER CXCV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 30th November, 1786.

"I am greatly obliged to you, my dear Sir, for your very kind letter of the 16th; no part of which gave me more pleasure, than the account you favour me with of your son's proficiency. You did very right in sending him to pass some months in England. At his age it is not so difficult, as it comes to be afterwards, to get the better of a provincial dialect; and I am very happy to understand that he has acquired so much of the

English pronunciation; Greek and Latin he had in sufficient abundance before. It will likewise be of singular use to him to have been in a strange country for a little time; for such we may call England, notwithstanding we all live under the same government; so very different are the customs and modes, both of thinking and speaking, from those of Scotland. His passing a few months in France next year, will tend still more to his improvement, by presenting him with a system of manners still more different from those of his own country, and by preparing him betimes for a correct pronunciation of the French tongue. Youth is the best time both for acquiring languages, and for getting the better of those national prejudices, which are so apt to adhere to the man who has never stirred from home; and which are equally unfriendly to Christian charity, to true politeness, and, I may add, to the advancement of a man's interest even in this world.

"The opposition to the projected scheme of uniting the colleges is much to be regretted; but, as the voice of the country is so clearly on the side of those who favour the union, I would fain hope that in time the opposition may become [illegible] altogether

At present, matters seem to be at a stand. The arguments on both sides have been prosecuted with a minuteness, and perhaps too with an acrimony, which was unnecessary; but such things must always be expected in such cases; and, were an union, after all, to take place, I am persuaded, that those altercations would be immediately forgotten, and that we should be better friends than ever. Such revolutions happen in love and friendship; and why may they not happen in a contest like the present? in which, properly speaking, there is no hostility; the only thing aimed at, being to make both societies more respectable than ever they were before, without injury to any private interest whatever. I have the pleasure to inform you, that Marischal College is this year more crowded with students, than it has been any time these fifty years. Our public hall is indeed quite full; so that there is reason to think it was never better filled than at present. The other college is not so flourishing. Their students are said to be under ninety; ours to be above an hundred and forty. I will not say that this account is perfectly exact, but have reason to think it is nearly so.

"I am just now reading Lord Hailes's new performance against Mr Gibbon. There is much learning in it, and great knowledge of the subject; but I wish he would make his reasoning a little more pointed and popular. He often leaves his reader to draw the conclusions from his premises; which is the most inoffensive way of conducting controversy, but not perhaps the most instructive. It gives me also concern to see so very able and so learned a writer affect sometimes the new-fangled cant style.

"Your account of Sir J. Reynolds' new picture is very entertaining. It is an unpromising subject; but Sir Joshua's invention will supply every thing."*

* The Infant-Hercules strangling the Serpents; a large picture painted for the late Empress of Russia, and now at St Petersburgh. It is indeed a wonderful effort of the pencil of that great master. The hero himself is represented as a stout, gruff, chubbed boy, squeezing the animals by the throat, one in each hand, with the utmost unconcern; while the passion of fear is finely expressed in the countenances of the mother and attendants, and admirably diversified; that of the mother being solely for her child, while that of the attendants is evidently for themselves. Tiresias stands by, a truly venerable figure: and Juno appears in the clouds, anxiously waiting the success of her experiment.

LETTER CXCVI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 22d January, 1787.

"Miss Bowdler's 'Essays'* are just come to hand, and give me a very high idea both of the

* We are informed by a prefatory advertisement, that these 'Poems and Essays,' the production of Miss Jane Bowdler, were written to relieve the tedious hours of pain and sickness. To the humble and pious Christian, who feels the pressure of distress, and seeks in religion that support and consolation which nothing else can bestow, they present an example of patience and resignation, which no sufferings could conquer. Nor is it the pride of Stoicism that these pages exhibit. The author felt, with the keenest sensibility, the uncommon misfortune which condemned her for ten years in the prime of life to constantly increasing sufferings; but she found in the principles which are here laid down, such motives of consolation, as rendered her superior to all the sorrows of life, and to the lingering tortures of a most painful death. Of the singular merit of these 'Essays,' there can be no higher praise than that of an amiable and excellent moralist,† who has declared, that he considered this performance as a production of inestimable value to every reader, who has a taste for elegant composition, or a heart disposed to profit by wise instruction; instruction the more forcible,

* [illegible] inserted soon after the death of Miss Bowdler, and the [illegible] the 'Essays,' in the 'Bath Chronicle,' by William Melmoth, [illegible] author of the 'Letters of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne,' &c. &c.

head and of the heart of the excellent author. Such examples of piety and resignation rarely

as she was the bright example of her own excellent precepts. The genuine principles of Christian ethics, undebased by the smallest alloy of bigotry or superstition, are judiciously pursued through their important consequences, and applied with singular accuracy to the various purposes of moral agency. The language and the sentiments are level to the most *ordinary* understanding, at the same time that the most *improved* will find much to admire in both.

Miss Bowdler was the eldest daughter of Thomas Bowdler, Esq. of Ashley, a gentleman of independent fortune, who, being bred to no profession, resided chiefly at Bath, where he gave much of his time to study, and the company of men of letters. He was a person of great piety and worth; and gave many proofs of his singular attention to the strict discharge of religious duties. He died at Bath, 2d May, 1785.

Although Mr Bowdler, from his attachment to books, may in some degree be considered as a literary character, he never, as far as I know, appeared in print, like most of his family. Besides the amiable sufferer, the author of these 'Essays,' their mother, Mrs Bowdler, daughter of Sir John Cotton, was possessed of very extraordinary talents. With a great store of knowledge, she never intruded it into conversation, nor made any useless parade of her superior accomplishments. She printed at first anonymously, but since her death they have been published by her family with her name, 'Practical Observations on the Revelation of St John.' Whatever may be thought of Mrs Bowdler's lucubrations themselves, upon this mysterious book, we cannot but be pleased with the practical inferences which her work contains. She died at Bath, 10th May, 1797, in her eightieth year.

Their eldest son, the present Mr Bowdler, a name justly respected by every friend of virtue and religion, published, in

occur; and the person who publishes them does an important service to mankind. The preface too, though short, is admirably written, and gives such an emphasis to what follows in the book, as

the year 1797, an excellent and well-timed pamphlet, in a plain and familiar style, entitled, 'Reform or Ruin,' at a period when our national concerns wore a very gloomy aspect, yet when national dissipation, apparently the certain forerunner of our destruction as an empire, seemed arrived at its height.

This title of Mr Bowdler's pamphlet deceived many. At the time it was published, multiplied pamphlets came out on the subject of *political reform*; and some people were probably induced to peruse this of Mr Bowdler's, who little suspected that the 'reform' he recommended was *a reformation of manners*, not of *the constitution*.

Mr Thomas Bowdler, the late Mr Bowdler's second son, (the gentleman mentioned in Dr Beattie's letter,) published 'Letters written from Holland, 1787, containing a History of the Expedition into Holland under the Duke of Brunswick, in the year 1786:' and Miss Harriet Bowdler has instructed the world by a volume, published anonymously, of practical 'Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity,' which do equal honour to her piety, her taste, and her knowledge of the human heart; and which cannot be carefully perused by any one, without exciting in the mind the best and most useful impressions of duty. There yet remains to be mentioned another daughter of Mr Bowdler, who, though she has never published any literary work, possesses a taste and an understanding highly cultivated, with powers of epistolary composition, which speak her to be mistress of talents, were she to employ them for the press, by no means inferior to those of the other branches of this extraordinary family. I have long enjoyed the happiness of her classical and instructive correspondence.

cannot fail to recommend religion to the most inattentive, if they will only take the trouble to read this truly valuable work. I was wonderfully struck and pleased with the beauty and propriety of the motto from Ariosto; and it brings tears into my eyes, when I consider it as an apostrophe to a departed saint. I beg you will return my most grateful and affectionate acknowledgements to the lady who honours me with this present, which I value more than I can express, which I trust has already done me good, and which I am sure will do me a great deal more, if it is not my own fault. I am no stranger to the character of this lady's family, having often heard of it from Mrs Montagu. And, if I mistake not, a brother of her's once did me the honour to sup at my house in Aberdeen, in company with Mrs Montagu's nephew, Mr Robinson. He seemed to be an excellent young man, and I was much pleased with his conversation. I should be very happy to hear that he is alive and well.

"I have had two letters lately from the Bishop of Chester, in both which he and Mrs Porteus desire to be particularly remembered to Lady Forbes and you. He informs me, that the subscription price of the new edition of Shakespeare, adorned

with drawings by the best hands, from designs by the best painters, will not be less than one hundred guineas for each copy. At this rate, one shall give the price of an ordinary book for a *sight* of this. However, magnificent works of this kind do honour to the nation that produces them, and raise a laudable emulation among artists, and at the same time serve to give foreigners a high idea of the genius, in honour of whom they are undertaken. The French pique themselves, and very justly, on a splendid and elegant edition of La Fontaine's 'Fables,' which is sold for twelve or fourteen pounds; but that work will be nothing to this. Clarke's edition of 'Cæsar' was lately sold by auction in London for forty-eight pounds: it is indeed a most splendid work, and the 'Spectator' speaks of it as the glory of the British press; but the original price was only twelve pounds. The finest copy I ever saw of this edition is in the library at Gordon-Castle."

LETTER CXCVII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE HON. MR BARON GORDON.

Aberdeen, 5th March, 1787.

"I am happy to inform you, that on the first of March you were unanimously re-elected Lord-Rector of Marischal College for the ensuing year. Your assessors are also re-elected; and Major Mercer is re-elected Dean of Faculty. This matter was conducted with the greatest unanimity. All the college, students as well as professors, are very sensible of the obligations they are under to you, for your constant attention to the interests of the society.

"You are very partial, my dear Sir, to my son's little attempt in Latin poetry; which, however, I acknowledge to be rather extraordinary, considering his years and opportunities. It may show, that classical learning is not quite so much neglected at Marischal College, as some of our southern neighbours would wish the public to believe. He has employed himself, during this winter, in a variety of compositions, both Latin

and English, both prose and verse; all which he will be solicitous to lay before his rector, when a proper opportunity occurs.

"Finding that he is fond of a studious and academical life, I have been revolving a plan for him, which to you, as a friend, and as the first (acting) magistrate in the university, I would have mentioned two or three weeks ago, if I had been able to write. I have laid it before the college, in a letter, a copy whereof I beg leave to send you:

"*To the Principal and other Professors of Marischal College.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"I take the liberty to address you on a sub-
"ject, which is interesting to me, and of some
"importance to the college; and I do it in wri-
"ting, because it is reasonable that ye should
"deliberate upon it when I am not present.

"The state of my health for some time past,
"though it has not as yet hindered me from per-
"forming the duties of my office, has however
"been such as leads me often to think both of
"an assistant and of a successor; and many ob-
"vious reasons make me wish, that one and the

"same person may serve in both capacities. It "is natural for me to prefer my son to others in "a matter of this kind, as he likes an academi- "cal and studious life; and as he is, if not suf- "ficiently qualified, at least as well qualified for "the office as I was, after I had been seven years "a professor.

"It is by no means my intention to give over "teaching. On the contrary, I will never per- "mit any body to teach my class, as long as I "am able to teach it. For habits of seven-and- "twenty years standing are not easily got the "better of; and I find so much amusement in "this business, which on all ordinary occasions "gives me no trouble, that, if I were to retire "from it, I am certain that my health would be "much worse than it is.

"But it would be a great relief to my mind, to "know, that, in the event of my being confined "by illness, the business of the class would suffer "no interruption: and I presume, that, if my "assistant were to appear in it *as a professor*, it "would be no difficult matter for him, with my "advice and influence, to establish his authority. "If he live to see the beginning of next session,

" my son will be in the twentieth year of his " age.

" Of his behaviour and proficiency while at " college, I need not say any thing; as that is " sufficiently known to those professors under " whom he studied, and from whom he received " so many marks of particular attention and " kindness. It may be proper, however, that " I lay before the college some things concern- " ing him, which they cannot be supposed to " know. And, in doing this, I do nothing more " for him, than justice would require me to do " for any other young man in his circumstances, " and whom I equally well knew.

" Having for some years had this employment " in view for him, I took pains to give such a di- " rection to his studies, as might imperceptibly " prepare him for it. And I am well enough " pleased to find, that, though he has been a very " assiduous student in all the parts of learning " that are taught here, the bent of his genius " seems to lie towards theology, classical learning, " morality, poetry, and criticism. In Greek, he " has read Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, the Batra- " chomyomachia, and a great part of Hesiod, the " greatest part of Xenophon, the Phedo of Plato,

" six or seven books of Euclid, Arrian's History
" of Alexander, two Plays of Sophocles, part of
" Herodotus and Plutarch, of the Septuagint and
" New Testament, the Ethics and Poetics of
" Aristotle, Longinus, several of the Odes of
" Pindar, &c. Latin he understands better than
" any other person of his years I have ever known;
" he wrote it pretty correctly when he was a boy;
" and, as I have sometimes conversed with him
" in that language, I know that, with a little
" practice, he could speak it easily: he is also
" making good progress in the French tongue.
" From his early years I accustomed him to read
" no books but good ones, and to study every
" thing he read with grammatical and critical ac-
" curacy. The moral sciences, as far as I teach
" them, he knows very well; and, as he has a
" methodical head and ready elocution, I flatter
" myself a little practice would make him a good
" teacher. Specimens of his composition, both
" Latin and English, both verse and prose, shall
" be laid before the college, if they desire it.

" To all this it may not perhaps be impertinent
" to add, that as he has passed part of several
" summers in Edinburgh, and two in London,
" and other parts of England, and visited where-

" ever I visited, he may be supposed to have seen
" a little of the world; of which, though he is
" rather silent in company, I find he has been no
" inaccurate observer.

" If the college agree to recommend him to his
" Majesty, as a person fit to be appointed my as-
" sistant and successor, I would farther request,
" that it may be done as soon as possible. This,
" I think, would be an advantage to the college,
" as well as to him and me. For if he were once
" sure of the place, I would make him lay other
" studies aside for some time, and employ himself
" in preparing a course of lectures; which, as all
" my papers are open to him, he would not find
" it a difficult matter to do. I could also teach
" him how to make many improvements in my
" plan, which I have long had in view, but could
" never execute for want of health.

" I need not suggest to my colleagues the pro-
" priety of keeping this affair secret. Were it to
" be talked of, and after all to miscarry, it would
" hurt my son's interest, and make him feel the
" disappointment the more heavily. He knows
" nothing of this application; nor do I intend
" that he shall know any thing of it, till I see
" what the issue is likely to be. I am," &c.

"To this letter the college returned a very polite answer, to this purpose: That they were so well satisfied with my son's proficiency and character, that they would immediately, notwithstanding his youth, grant the recommendation I requested, if it were not for the present critical state of the business of the union. They therefore desired me to let the matter rest a little, till the issue of that affair could be more certainly foreseen. In this I thankfully acquiesced.

"However, that I might if possible secure a majority, in the event of the union taking place, I mentioned my scheme to Mr Professor ****. He entered very warmly into my views, and mentioned the thing in confidence to Dr ****** and Mr *******. They were as favourable as I could have expected; and, though they made no promise, which indeed was not solicited, they spoke in very strong terms of what they were pleased to call the delicacy of my conduct with respect to my colleagues and to them. They seemed to think, that I might have carried my point by a private application to the Crown in my own name. This might perhaps be true; but I would not do a thing so disrespectful to the Marischal College.

"I threatened you with a long letter, and you see I have kept my word. But, as my almanack tells me that your terms are over, I hope you will excuse me. You are interested in this business in more respects than one; for I took the liberty some time ago to execute a deed, in which you and Sir William Forbes, and some other gentlemen, are named the guardians of my two boys; as I think I told you before."

LETTER CXCVII.

DR BEATTIE TO MISS VALENTINE.

London, 20th July, 1787.

"I am just returned from Windsor, where I passed three days. I went thither, partly to see some friends, but chiefly that I might pay my respects to the King and Queen. They both received me in the most gracious manner. I saw the King first on the Terrace, where he knew me at first sight, and did me the honour to converse with me a considerable time. Next morning I saw him again at prayers in his chapel, where he was pleased to introduce me to the Queen, who

inquired very kindly after my health; observed, that many years had passed since she saw me last; regretted the bad weather which I had met with at Windsor, (for it rained incessantly,) which, said she, has made your friends see less of you than they wished; and, after some other conversation, her Majesty and the Princess Elizabeth, who attended her, made a slight curtsey, and stepped into the carriage that waited for them at the chapel-door. The King remained with us for some time longer, and talked of various matters, particularly the union of the colleges. He asked, whether I was for or against it? I told him I was a friend to the union. "But "Lord Kinnoull," said he, "is violent against it," (this, by the bye, I did not know before.) The King spoke jocularly of my having become fat: "I remember the time," said he, "when you "were as lean as Dr **** there," pointing to a gentleman who was standing by. "You look "very well," said his Majesty to me, "and I am "convinced you are well, if you would only "think so: Do, Dr Heberden," said the King, "convince Dr Beattie that he is in perfect health." (Dr Heberden was also standing by.) "I have "been endeavouring, Sir," returned the Doctor,

"to do so." After two such attestations of my health, as those of the King and Dr Heberden, I suppose I need not say more on that subject. The truth is, I am better than I was. The giddiness has not troubled me but one day since I came to London.

"At Windsor I met with several other friends, particularly Lady Pembroke, Mrs Delany, Mr and Mrs De Luc; and I was often with the famous Miss Burney, (author of 'Cecilia,') who has got an office in the Queen's household, and is one of the most agreeable young women I have met with; has great vivacity, joined with a most unassuming gentleness and simplicity of manners.

"I passed an afternoon, a few days ago, with Lord Rodney. I was very glad to meet with that celebrated veteran, and much pleased with his conversation. He is of the middle size, rather lean, has handsome features for an old man, piercing blue eyes, and is very well bred."

LETTER CXCVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Hunton, near Maidstone, 7th August, 1787.

"I came to Hunton the 28th of last month. Of the scenery of that beautiful place I need say nothing to you, who are well acquainted with it. Every thing is so exactly the same that it was, and my memory of every thing is so accurate, that the three years which have intervened since I was last here, seem to have dwindled into as many days. The Bishop and Mrs Porteus are perfectly well, and desire their best respects to Lady Forbes and you.

"Last week we had a visit from a gentleman, (Mr Boissier,) in whose history there are some particulars, which I think will entertain you. He is a man of fortune, and of a French family, about fifty years of age; was born in England, and commonly resides at Bath, but has passed a great part of his time abroad, where it is evident that he has kept the very best company. He speaks Italian, Spanish, and French, and is well

conversant in literature; and has so much of the French vivacity, that if he had not spoken English with the propriety of a native, I should have taken him for a Frenchman. As Moses was trained up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, it was this gentleman's chance to be educated in all the folly of French philosophy: he was indeed an avowed, nay a barefaced, infidel. In this temper of mind he went to hear the Bishop of Chester preach at Bath, about two years ago. The text was, "Truly this was the Son of God." He was so much struck with the Bishop's eloquence and reasoning, that he made no scruple to declare to his friends, that his mind was changed, and that he was determined to study the Christian religion with candour, and without delay. An acquaintance soon took place between the Bishop and him, and they were mutually pleased with each other. Books were put into his hands, and among others my little book.* To shorten my story, he is now a sincere Christian; and is just going to publish a 'Vindication of Christianity,' which he has translated from the French of

* 'Evidences of the Christian Religion, briefly and plainly 'stated.' See Vol. II. p. 385.

Mons. Bonnet. This work I have seen, and think very highly of it, as I do of the author and translator, who is truly a very agreeable, sensible, well-bred man. The sermon which, by the providence of God, was the cause of this conversion, the Bishop, at my desire, preached to us last Sunday. I never in my life heard more animated eloquence, or a more forcible piece of argumentation; and the Bishop exceeded himself in the delivery of it." *

In addition to the accumulated evils with which Dr Beattie had been long afflicted, of his own bad health, and the total subversion of his domestic happiness, arising from his wife's incurable malady, he was soon to experience another and a most weighty domestic calamity, in the loss of his eldest son; of the commencement of whose illness, which at last brought him to the grave, his father gives the following affecting account.

* The discourse here mentioned is the 14th in the second volume of the Bishop of London's 'Sermons.'

LETTER CXCIX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 17th November, 1787.

"After having been for so many months a wanderer, I am at last become stationary, and sit down to give a brief account of what has befallen me since I tore myself away from Sandleford. The chief reason of my leaving, so soon as I did, that delightful place, and still more delightful society, was, though I did not then mention it, the state of my son's health. He had at that time symptoms of approaching illness, particularly an unconquerable sensation of cold in his hands and feet; which made me anxious to put him, as soon as possible, under the care of my medical friends in London. He was taken ill, as I expected, first more slightly, and afterwards with such violence, and so many alarming appearances, that for several days he seemed to be in great danger. My friend, Dr Lettsom, attended him with his usual humanity; and, as soon as he thought it safe to remove from London, advised

me to begin my journey. We travelled very slowly, and had every advantage that could be derived from good roads and good weather; but, though he bore the motion of the carriage well enough, he continued to be so weak, that I was often at a loss to determine whether I should proceed or stop. He himself wished to get forward, especially to get to Morpeth, where Dr Keith lives, a particular friend of ours, of whose affectionate temper and medical abilities we both have the highest opinion. At Morpeth we arrived at last, and were so lucky as to find our friend at home, who ordered something which did much good; but the weakness still continued, and the disorder appeared to be only alleviated, but by no means removed. At Edinburgh, where we rested ten days, I was advised to take him to Peterhead, which I did accordingly; and the air and mineral-water of that place had so good an effect, that, by the end of October, when we were obliged to return home, I thought him, and he thought himself, perfectly recovered. He has been regularly inducted into his new office: but I do not intend that he shall have any thing to do this year, but to amuse himself, and recover strength; as I find myself well enough to ma-

nage all the business without difficulty. Indeed I have now better health than I remember to have enjoyed for some years. And it would be strange if it were otherwise, considering the very great attention and kindness which I met with at Sandleford and Hunton; and, since my return to the North, at Gordon-castle, where I made a visit of three weeks, while my son was at Peterhead. The Duchess desired me to present to you her best respects; which, however, I presume her Grace will deliver in person, as she is now on her way to London, where she means to pass the winter.

"At Peterhead I gave Mrs Arbuthnot the money which you committed to my care, and I was happy to find her wonderfully well, considering her great age. I need not tell you with what gratitude she acknowledged your bounty, nor how anxiously minute she was in her inquiries after your health, and that of Mr and Mrs Montagu, and their lovely child. She is naturally of an inquisitive turn, as solitary people of good parts generally are; but, where her heart and affections are engaged, there is no end of her interrogatories. It gives me no little pleasure to observe, how much to the better her poor old

house is changed, since she has had the honour to be under your patronage. The roof, which was entirely decayed, has undergone a thorough repair; her moth-eaten tables and chairs, which were on the point of falling to pieces by their own weight, have given place to a set of new ones, not fine indeed, but neat and substantial; the smoky roofs of her few apartments are cleaned and whitewashed, and the mouldiness of her walls concealed by a decent covering of printed paper. In her dress I perceive little or no change; for in that respect, even in her worst days, she always contrived to appear like a gentlewoman.

"I learned a few days ago, by a letter from his Lordship, that our excellent friend, the Bishop of Chester, is promoted to the see of London. Few things could have given me so much pleasure. This is a station in which his great talents for business, and for doing good, will find ample scope; yet so, as not to take him to such a distance from his friends, or subject him to such bodily fatigue, as the duties of his former diocese often made necessary."

LETTER CC.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 10th December, 1787.

"I wished to have written to you by Mr ******, but when he was here I was ill. My son on that occasion took upon him, for the first time, the management of the class, and acquitted himself not only to my satisfaction and theirs, but also to his own. It was not my intention that he should appear in his new character till next winter; but I am glad he has had this trial, as it has satisfied him that he is equal to his business. However, I do not mean that he shall either *assist* or *succeed* me, as long as I can prevent it. He is greatly obliged to you for your kind concern about him, and desires to offer his humble service. His health was improved by Peterhead; but he is not robust, and I am obliged to exert my authority in moderating his application to study.

"Every body must approve greatly of your sending Mr Forbes abroad, previously to his en-

tering on business. Next to a good conscience, nothing tends more to the happiness of life, than habits of activity and industry begun in early youth, so as to settle into a permanent disposition before one arrives at manhood: and I never see, without pity, a young man of fortune who is bred to no business.

"The friends you inquire after, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr Langton, &c. were all well when I left London; but I did not this year see so much of them as usual, as my health would not permit me to be much in town. I regret exceedingly my not having had an opportunity to pay my respects to Miss Bowdler.

"The passage in the 'Lounger,' to which she objects, seems to me to be not very accurate; and I am not sure that I understand it. There are men, and those too of masculine minds, who prefer Virgil to Homer; Mr Burke is one: and there are others who prefer Metastasio to Shakespeare, and Tasso to Milton. Johnson told me he never read Milton through, till he read him in order to gather words for his 'Dictionary;' and though he has spoken *civilly* of him in his 'Lives,' it is well known that he did not do so in conversation. On the other hand, I have

known women, whose sentiments were the same with mine, and I suppose with the 'Lounger's,' in regard to those great authors; and who, for all that, had minds as delicate, and as truly feminine, as any of their sex. Few women have the means of judging with precision of the comparative merit of Virgil and Homer; for, in order to do that, it is absolutely necessary to throw all translations aside, and read them in their own language. Pope's translation is a very pleasing poem, and I believe a great favourite with the fair sex; but has nothing of Homer, but the story and the characters, the *manner* being totally different: Dryden's 'Virgil' is not a very pleasing book, and conveys not any tolerable idea of the original; of whose tenderness, pathos, and delicacy, and uniform majesty of expression and numbers, Dryden had no just relish, and whose language he did not understand so perfectly as he ought to have done.

"Of the superiority of male to female minds, much has been said and written, but perhaps in too general terms. In what relates to the peculiar business and duty of either sex, the genius of that sex will, I believe, be found to have the superiority. A man, though he could suckle,

would not make so good a nurse as a woman; and though the woman were in bodily strength equal to the man, there are in her constitution many things which would make her less fit, than he is, for what may be called the external economy of a family. Matters of learning, taste, and science, are not more the *natural* province of the one sex than of the other; and, with regard to these, were they to have the same education and opportunities, the minds of the two sexes would be found to approach more nearly to equality. The same *education*, however, they cannot ve, because each must be trained up for its n *peculiar* business; nor the same *opportuni-*, because many scenes of observation are open men, from which women are, by their reserve d modesty, excluded, and some open to women, to which men are, with great propriety, though for a different reason, denied admittance. If one were to enter into the detail of all these particulars, I imagine it would not be difficult to say, what sorts of writing and parts of learning the two sexes might cultivate with *equal* success, and in what women would be *superior* to men, and men *superior* to women; and the inferences, as they occur to me at present, would, if I mis-

take not, receive confirmation from the history of literature."

LETTER CCI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 5th March, 1788.

"I scarce remember when my attention was so much engrossed by a number of little matters, as it has been for the last two months. This must be my apology for not sooner acknowledging the receipt of your very kind and affecting letter. After what Dr Hay told me last summer, I had no hopes of your son's recovery; but the account of his death gave me pain, as I well knew what Lady Forbes and you would suffer on that occasion. You have been tried with many severe afflictions of the same kind; but have borne them as became you; so that they will, in their consequences, prove matter of everlasting triumph.

"It is with great pleasure I see your name in the news-papers, subjoined to a petition to the House of Commons in behalf of the poor ne-

groes. The society, to which I belong, resolved some time ago to present a similar petition, but the thing is delayed till we hear from our chancellor on the subject; and he is now very infirm, so that I fear we shall be too late in our application. I wrote a 'Discourse on Slavery,' particularly that of the negroes, about ten years ago, and had thoughts lately of revising and publishing it. So much was I in earnest, that I had actually transcribed about a fourth part of it; when, having occasion to consult some authorities, which were not at hand, I foresaw, that, let me be ever so diligent, the fate of Mr Wilberforce's intended motion on this subject, would, in all probability, be determined before my little book could be got ready; and so I dropped the scheme, at least for the present: which I have the less reason to regret, as I had little to say which has not been said by others, who may be thought to have better means of information. I earnestly pray, that our legislature may have the grace to do something effectual in this business, so as to clear the British character of a stain, which is indeed of the blackest dye. The freest nation and best-natured people on earth, are, as matters now stand, the patrons of slavery, and of

a slavery more severe than is warranted by the laws of France or Spain, or of any other country in Europe. What an inconsistency is this! and what a reproach! I am not, however, one of those who think, that our negroes ought immediately to be made free. That would be dangerous, and is, I fear, impracticable. But to mitigate in the mean time the horrors of their slavery, and to prepare matters for a gradual abolition of it, seems to me to be neither dangerous nor difficult.

"I have been looking into Dr Reid's book on 'The Active Powers of Man.' It is written with his usual perspicuity and acuteness; is in some parts very entertaining; and to me, who have been obliged to think so much on those subjects, is very interesting throughout. The question concerning Liberty and Necessity is very fully discussed, and very ably; and, I think, nothing more needs be said about it. I could have wished that Dr Reid had given a fuller enumeration of the passions, and been a little more particular in illustrating the duties of morality. But his manner is, in all his writings, more turned to speculation than to practical philosophy; which may be owing to his having employed himself so

much in the study of Locke, Hume, Berkeley, and other theorists; and partly, no doubt, to the habits of study and modes of conversation which were fashionable in this country in his younger days. If I were not personally acquainted with the Doctor, I should conclude, from his books, that he was rather too warm an admirer of Mr Hume. He confutes, it is true, some of his opinions; but pays them much more respect than they are entitled to.

"I have the pleasure to inform you, that we have heard from our chancellor, who approves highly of our declaring our sentiments with respect to the slave-trade, in a petition to the House of Commons. No time was lost. I had prepared the petition; which was instantly signed, and sent off by last post.

"Mr Boissier* has published his 'Translation 'of M. Bonnet's Inquiries concerning Christian-'ity,' and has done me the honour to send me a copy; which I shall read as soon as I can command a day's leisure. In his preface he mentions Bishop Porteus as the first, 'who traced out to 'him the road which leads to truth.' From what

* Mentioned in Letter CXCVIII.

I have seen of this book, I should be apprehensive that the author's manner is rather abrupt, and too abstruse to be popular, at least in this country. However, the world is under obligations to him, and to his worthy translator, for declaring themselves in so explicit a manner the friends of religion; and as M. Bonnet's character is very high in France, I hope his book will do a great deal of good.

"At my spare hours, which have been very few this winter, I am preparing to do, what, if circumstances had permitted, I ought to have done long ago,—to print an abridgement, a very brief one, of my lectures on moral philosophy and logic. It is intended for no other purpose but to assist the memory of those students who attend my class; and therefore, though I shall print, I am in doubt whether I should publish it. The students, by paying for their copies, will in time indemnify me for print and paper, which is all I shall ask in the pecuniary way. Notwithstanding all my care to be concise, I find it will extend to two octavos; the first of which will contain, 'Elements of Moral Science,' and the second, 'Elements of Logic.' Under Logic I comprehend, not only the philosophy of evidence,

but likewise every thing that relates to language, composition, and criticism. Hitherto it has been my way, as it was that of my predecessor, to make the students take down in writing an abstract of the lectures and conversations; and this method is not without its advantages; but such abstracts, being written in great haste, were not always correct, and took up a good deal of time. The time, which I shall save by using a printed text book, I intend to employ in commenting upon classic authors, and other profitable exercises. *

"You will be glad to hear, that Sunday-schools are likely to do good here. Eight have been set a-going, and are supported by subscription.

"My son desires his best respects. My cough has obliged me to employ him more frequently, in the morning meeting at eight, than I wished to do: but he likes the business, and has now had experience of almost all the varieties of it. He has also been composing some lectures, one of which, accompanied with a model in paste-

* This abridgement of his lectures, Dr Beattie did publish, under the title of 'Elements of Moral Science;' the first volume in the year 1790, the second volume in the year 1793.

board, is an account of Raymond Lully's mill for making books, alluded to by Dr Campbell in the 'Philosophy of Rhetoric.' He got Raymond's book in the college library, and made the mill exactly according to the author's directions."

LETTER CCII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 3d May, 1788.

"The book I have in view will not be a mere syllabus, like the pamphlet which Dr Blair published; nor a collection of aphorisms, like Dr Ferguson's 'Institutes:' in its plan it will more resemble Dr James Gregory's '*Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ;*' only it will be in English. If I live to execute my purpose, it will comprehend the substance of all my lectures and *conversations*, (for I often teach in the Socratic method, by question and answer,) with the omission of such illustrations, facts, and reasonings only, as cannot be expressed in few words. The first volume will contain, the Philosophy of the Human Mind; Principles of Natural Religion; Mo-

ral Philosophy; and Politics: and the second, Logic, or the philosophy of evidence; and Rhetoric, or the Belles Lettres. About one hundred and forty large quarto pages of the first volume are written; and I hope, if my health does not prevent me, to have it in the press before the end of the year.

"The same post, that brought your last most agreeable favour, brought also a letter, with two pamphlets, from the Bishop of London. The Bishop is very urgent with me, as you are, to publish my papers on the slave-trade. He says they will come in good season if they appear before the next session of parliament, for that nothing in that business will be done this session. The Privy-Council, he says, have been at uncommon pains to ascertain the exact nature of the African slave-trade, and the state of the slaves in our West India islands. His Lordship also wishes me to subjoin, as an appendix to my papers, an examination of an extraordinary pamphlet, which has just appeared, to prove the lawfulness, or, as the author calls it, the *licitness* of the slave-trade, from the scriptures of the Old and New Testament. This pamphlet he has sent me, but I have not yet got time to read it. It is the work of a

Spanish Jesuit of the name of Harris, who it seems is connected with the slave-merchants of Liverpool, by whose means he hopes to obtain preferment in the church of England, to which he is willing to conform: his pamphlet is dedicated to the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. of Liverpool. The slave-dealers exult in this champion, and say that his work is unanswerable; but the Bishop of London says it is mere Jesuitical sophistry. From what I have seen of it, I should think it an easy matter to answer it; but whether I shall be able to do this, I know not. My health is a great hindrance to all my projects.

"The other pamphlet which the Bishop sent me, is a 'Pastoral Letter to the English Clergy 'in the West Indies,' who are all, it seems, subject to his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. It is short, but very elegant, and very like himself and his station. It relates chiefly to two things, the conversion and education of the negroes, which he earnestly and powerfully recommends; and the qualifications which he insists on finding in all those West Indians who may apply to him for holy orders. My little book of 'Evidences,' is one of those which his Lordship is pleased to recommend to their attention."

LETTER CCIII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 28th June, 1788.

"My papers on the slave-trade would now appear too late. The legislature seems to have engaged in an investigation of that business with a generous alacrity, which does them infinite honour, and will undoubtedly bring on such regulations, as would make my zeal and my arguments both unnecessary and unseasonable. In fact, several of those abuses, which I had attacked with most severity, are already in part redressed, or in a fair way of being so; particularly the horrid cruelties perpetrated upon the poor negroes in their passage across the Atlantic, and the cruel laws to which they are subjected in some of the West Indian islands, particularly Barbadoes and Jamaica. If one may believe the newspapers, considerable reformations have already taken place in both those islands, as well as in North America. As to the final abolition of the traffic, I pray for it as earnestly as any bo-

dy; but I do not think it can be accomplished soon, though in a few years it may, and I trust it will. Much good might be done in the meantime, if planters could be prevailed on to repose less confidence in overseers; to give liberty and wages to their most deserving slaves; to give Christian education to them all, with rest on Sunday; to teach them to be rational, by treating them as rational beings; and to mitigate the cruelty of punishment, and the severity of labour. I am truly sorry to hear of Mr Wilberforce's indisposition. It is very good in Mr and Mrs Montagu to interest themselves so much in his behalf: I hope their kind assiduities will be successful.

"I hope my venerable friend, Mrs Delany, is alive and well. I am extremely anxious to hear of her; having seen the other day in a newspaper, the words, "the *late* Mrs Delany;" which I would fain believe to be a newspaper blunder, as I have never heard of her death, or even that she was ill. I saw her frequently at Windsor last year, and was happy to observe no symptoms of decline. A very great person was pleased to joke with her on my account. "Where have "you been these two days, Mrs D.?" said he,

" but I can guess; I warrant you have had more " than one assignation with Dr B. since he has " been at Windsor." " Indeed, Sir," replied she, " Y. M. is right; Dr B. has been with me several " times."

LETTER CCIV.

DR BEATTIE TO DR PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON.

Peterhead, 3d July, 1788.

" As soon as it is in my power I shall give the Rev. Mr Harris * a fair hearing, and let your Lordship know my opinion. I have seen a little of him, and think him a tolerable sophister. His arguments might pass, for argument's sake, in a school-disputation upon a thesis; but can have no influence upon a candid and rational mind, except perhaps to provoke indignation: for the matter is too solemn for laughter. He pretends to piety, reverence of the Scripture, and zeal for the rights of humanity; and all the while he is

* Who wrote a book to prove the slave-trade agreeable to reason and Scripture. See Letter CCII. to Sir William Forbes, p. 41.

labouring to pervert Scripture, in order to vindicate one of the most impious and inhuman practices that ever disgraced the sublunary creation. He, good man! would not for the world offer an apology for any injustice, oppression, or cruelty, that may have been practised by dealers in slaves; he would only justify what he calls "the Afri- "can slave-trade in the abstract." I know not whether I understand this. But, if he will remove all oppression, cruelty, and injustice, from that trade, I promise him I shall not object to his abstract notions: the trade will then be a mere *idea;* as harmless as those *now* are, to which we give the names of ostracism, crusade, &c.; and will no more make negroes miserable, and slave-mongers cruel, than the second book of the 'Æneid' will burn their towns. The misfortune is, that from this vile traffic, oppression, injustice, and cruelty, are inseparable. These crimes have, from the beginning of it, formed its basis, and without them it can no more subsist, than a house without a foundation. "If you have any music "that makes no noise," says a clown in Shakespeare to a company of fiddlers, "pray let us "have it; but we cannot endure any other." So say I to Mr Harris. If you can give us an Afri-

can slave-trade, that has nothing cruel, oppressive, or unjust in it, with all my heart; let it be set a-going as soon as possible. To such a trade the British legislature will have no objection; and I trust they will never tolerate any other. They have entered into this business with a generous alacrity, that does them infinite honour; and will soon, I hope, make such regulations as will render my zeal and my arguments unnecessary, and even unseasonable."

LETTER CCV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 10th July, 1788.

"I am much obliged to you for the quotation from Mrs Piozzi's letters, and to that lady for speaking of me with so much kindness.* I was introduced to her and Mr Thrale by Dr Johnson, and received many and great civilities from both.

* The paragraph in question is as follows: "Dr Beattie is as "charming as ever. . . . . Every body rejoices that the "Doctor will get his pension. Every one loves him but Gold-

Mr Thrale was a most respectable character; intelligent, modest, communicative, and friendly: and I greatly admired his wife for her vivacity, learning, affability, and beauty: I thought her indeed one of the most agreeable women I ever saw; and could not have imagined her capable of acting so unwise a part as she afterwards did.

"What she says of Goldsmith is perfectly true. He was a poor fretful creature, eaten up with affectation and envy. He was the only person I ever knew who acknowledged himself to be envious. In Johnson's presence he was quiet enough; but in his absence expressed great uneasiness in hearing him praised. He envied even the dead; he could not bear that Shakespeare should be so much admired as he is. There might, however, be something like magnanimity in envying Shakespeare and Dr Johnson; as in Julius Cæsar's weeping to think, that at an age at which he had

"smith, who says he cannot bear the sight of so much applause "as we all bestow upon him. Did he not tell us so himself, "who would believe he was so exceedingly ill-natured?" ‖

‖ Mrs Piozzi and Dr Johnson's Letters, Vol. I. p. 186.

done so little, Alexander should have done so much. But surely Goldsmith had no occasion to envy me; which, however, he certainly did, for he owned it (though, when we met, he was always very civil); and I received undoubted information, that he seldom missed an opportunity of speaking ill of me behind my back. Goldsmith's common conversation was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; of silliness so great, as to make me sometimes think that he affected it. Yet he was a genius of no mean rank: somebody, who knew him well, called him, *an inspired idiot.* His ballad of 'Edwin and 'Angelina' is exceedingly beautiful, and well conducted; and in his two other poems, though there be great inequalities, there is pathos, energy, and even sublimity."

LETTER CCVI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 8th August, 1788.

"It delights me to hear that Lord Huntly is to go to Oxford or Cambridge. An English university is the best place on earth for study; and, what is of still greater consequence, especially to a person of high rank, it supplies the best opportunities of contracting those early connections of friendship, which one remembers with exquisite pleasure to the end of life; and which often contribute, more than any thing else, to a great man's influence and popularity. Mr Pitt, great as he is by hereditary right, and greater still by his own genius and virtue, would, I am persuaded, readily acknowledge how much he owes to Cambridge. There he was from the first a general favourite; and there he found many valuable friends, who, I am told, still adhere to him with a fervency of zeal, in which it is difficult to say, whether admiration or fondness be the most

powerful ingredient. Such attachments do honour to human nature, and are equally delightful and lasting. The Duke will be at no loss to determine, whether Oxford or Cambridge is to be honoured with Lord Huntly's residence. It is natural for me to have a partiality to the former: but in most things they are, I believe, pretty equal. Oxford is a place of greater resort and more brilliancy; but the quiet of Cambridge is perhaps more salutary to the student. Each has produced such a number of great men, as no other seminary in the ancient or modern world can boast of. The Duke of Gloucester's son, if I mistake not, is gone to Cambridge.

"My son is greatly honoured by the notice you take of him, and desires to offer his humble service. His health is quite re-established, but he is too studious to be robust. He has gone pretty deep in the theory of music, and now begins to practise a little. The organ is his favourite instrument; and, as he has something of a mechanical turn, and needs to be decoyed from his books sometimes, I have made him employ his leisure at Peterhead, in superintending the building of an organ, under the auspices of Dr

Laing. It is now almost finished, and can already, as Hamlet says,

——— "Discourse most eloquent music."

The workmanship is good, and the tones are very pleasing."

LETTER CCVII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 31st October, 1788.

"The account you have from Miss Bowdler, of Dr Taylor's 'Sermons,' agrees exactly with the Bishop of L——'s sentiments. Perhaps you may wish to see his Lordship's words. Here they are: "Before I release you, I must mention one "more publication, on account of its singularity "as well as its merit. It is a volume of sermons, "published by Dr Taylor, prebendary of West-"minster, who is lately dead. He was an old "friend and school-fellow of Dr Johnson's, and "is often mentioned in the Doctor's letters to "Mrs Thrale. He was long suspected of preach-"ing sermons written by Dr Johnson. To con-

"fute this calumny, he ordered this volume of "sermons to be published after his death. But "I am afraid it will not quite answer his pur- "pose; for I will venture to say, that there is "not a man in England, who knows any thing "of Dr Johnson's peculiarities of style, sentiment, "and composition, that will not instantly pro- "nounce these sermons to be his." Indeed, they "are (some of them at least) in his very best "manner; and Taylor was no more capable of "writing them, than of making an epic poem." I long to see this literary curiosity."

LETTER CCVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 20th November, 1788.

"I had the honour to receive your Grace's most obliging letter yesterday morning; and immediately packed up my papers on the slave-trade, and delivered them to be forwarded to Gordon-castle. They are extremely incorrect, and not fit to be seen by any eyes that are not very partial to the writer; and, therefore, I must

beg that your Grace will not show them to any body. Many things in them were true when I wrote them, which are not true now; a late act of parliament, and some late regulations in Jamaica and Barbadoes, having greatly mitigated the sufferings of the negroes, both in the West Indies, and in their transportation thither from their own country. And candour obliges me to declare further, that though, when I wrote those papers, I thought I had good reason to believe every word in them, I have since found, that I was misinformed in regard to several particulars. All this your Grace will excuse with your wonted generosity, as well as the blotted condition of the manuscript, which I am afraid will make many passages quite unintelligible.

"The late dreadful news from Windsor must have been most distressing to your Grace.* Blessed be God, the danger seems now to be over; otherwise I should not be able to write on that, or any other subject. For these ten days past I have thought myself in a dark, confused, feverish dream, with nothing before me but danger and horror. The agitation and anxiety I

* The King's illness.

have undergone, are indeed such as it is impossible to describe, and such as I shall not soon get the better of. But may God restore the health of the best of sovereigns, and the best of men! and it matters not what become of me. Your Grace must have the most authentic intelligence, otherwise I would tell you of a letter which I had to-day from Sir William Forbes, which mentions one received from the highest authority, certifying, that his Majesty is in a fair way of recovery; and that the slowness of the recovery is, in the opinion of the physicians, very much in his favour. Sir William Fordyce too, in a letter which arrived here yesterday, gives the same account, and says, that the delirium is gone. I hope the King will soon have the exquisite satisfaction to know, from what his subjects have suffered on this occasion, that he is, as he deserves to be, the most beloved prince that ever sat on the British throne.

"You desire to know my opinion of Mr Gibbon. I can say very little about him; for such is the affectation of his style, that I could never get through the half of one of his volumes. If any body would translate him into good classical English, (such, I mean, as Addison, Swift, Lord

Lyttelton, &c. wrote,) I should read him with eagerness; for I know there must be much curious matter in his work. His cavils against religion, have, I think, been all confuted; he does not seem to understand that part of his subject: indeed I have never yet met with a man, or with an author, who both understood Christianity, and disbelieved it. It is, I am told, the fashion to admire Gibbon's style; my opinion of it, however, is supported by great authorities, of whom I need only mention Lord Mansfield, the present Bishop of London, Mrs Montagu, and Major Mercer. In the Bishop's last letter to me there is the following passage: "We have been much "amused this summer with Keate's 'Account of "the Pelew Islands:' and it is almost the only "summer book we have had. For Gibbon's three "bulky quartos are fit only for the gloom and "horror of wintry storms. His style is more ob-"scure and affected than ever; and his insults on "Christianity not less offensive."

"I am glad to hear that your Grace is planning future groves to wave along the breezy hill. Of all rural occupations, if they were all in my power, I should prefer that of rearing trees and shrubs: and accordingly have always admired

Addison's right antediluvian novel, on the subject of planting, as one of the most pleasing little tales I ever saw. It is in the 'Spectator,' Nos. 583, 584, 585. Your account of your walks through the decaying woods, puts me in mind of a fine passage in Thomson's 'Autumn:'

> "The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
> "A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
> "Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
> "Oft startling such as studious walk below," &c.

I am tempted to make the quotation longer, but it is now time to release you."

LETTER CCIX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 25th March, 1789.

"I thank you most sincerely for your very instructive and pleasing letter; and with my whole soul I congratulate you on one of the happiest events that ever took place in this country, or in any other. I need not tell you that I mean, his Majesty's recovery. It is indeed a most signal interposition of Providence in our behalf; and

has raised us all from the deepest affliction to an extacy of joy. The rejoicings, on occasion of this great event, have been universal, and have far exceeded any thing I ever saw before in this country. May the Hearer of prayer, and the God of consolation, confirm the King's recovery, and grant him to see many happy years in the land of the living, with his family and people flourishing around him! and may all his people be enabled to make a right improvement of these dispensations of Providence! I hope his Majesty has not engaged in business too soon; and that he will, for this great while, engage in those parts of it only, which may amuse without fatiguing him.

"My friend Dr Campbell's great work (a new Translation of the Gospels, with preliminary Dissertations, and Notes critical and explanatory, in two volumes 4to) is published at last. I carefully read the whole in manuscript, and wrote many a sheet of remarks and criticisms upon it; and have no scruple to say, that it is one of the most important publications in theology, if not *the most important*, that has appeared in my time. It will give the public, at least the rational part of the public, a very high idea of the learning, acute-

ness, industry, candour, and piety, of the author; who is my next neighbour, and with whom I have lived in the same society, upon the most intimate terms, for almost thirty years. It is about forty years since he engaged in this important work; and yet I am afraid he will not get so much by it as Mr Sheridan did by the comedy of the 'Duenna.'

LETTER CCX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 25th May, 1789.

"I congratulate you, Madam, on the late proceedings of the Commons in behalf of humanity and justice. The account of Mr Wilberforce's speech that appeared in the papers is no doubt very imperfect; but it does him infinite honour, and I have read it once and again with great delight. It confirms a number of facts, which I find in my papers on negro-slavery, but of which I had of late become somewhat distrustful, having forgotten the authorities on which I had recorded them. The truth is, I have been collecting materials on

that subject for upwards of twenty-five years; and, as far as my poor voice could be heard, have laboured, not altogether unsuccessfully, in pleading the cause of the poor Africans. This, at least, I can say with truth, that many of my pupils have gone to the West Indies; and, I trust, have carried my principles along with them, and exemplified those principles in their conduct to their unfortunate brethren. A good deal of my information, with respect to the negroes, I received from a most worthy old gentleman, a particular friend of mine, who had been long in one of our West India islands; and having acquired a competent fortune, returned to his own country, and devoted the last thirty years of a long life to philosophy and literature. He was one of the most learned men I have ever met with, a sincere Christian, and one who held all injustice, oppression, and every sort of inhumanity, in utter detestation. *

* This gentleman's name was Wilson, the father of Mr George Wilson of Lincoln's-inn, now one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, and well known to all the bench and profession, as one of the soundest and most learned lawyers, as well as one of the most honourable and well-informed men, at the English bar.

"Mrs Arbuthnot is surprisingly well. She was at church yesterday. I need not tell you with what raptures of esteem and gratitude she speaks of you. I observe your benevolent intention of making an addition to your bounty to her; but will take it upon me to say, that it is quite unnecessary, as I know she considers herself as raised by your goodness to a state, not only of competence, but of opulence. She speaks of writing to her patroness very soon."

LETTER CCXI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 28th July, 1789.

"I have been lately looking into Mrs Cockburn's works,* which I borrowed from her niece, Mrs Arbuthnot, and which, though I had seen them before, I had not examined with any degree of minuteness. They have given me a very high opinion of the acuteness of the author's understanding, and of the goodness of her princi-

* See Vol. II. p. 349.

ples. She is also a clear and elegant writer, without any affectation. The abstruser parts of moral philosophy she seems to have studied with great accuracy and success, and is a very able advocate for Clarke and Locke. She speaks with extraordinary veneration of Warburton, who it seems corresponded with her sometimes; and she is a great admirer of Pope; but, what is rather particular, values him chiefly on account of his *moral* character, and, in the list of his virtues, mentions his friendship for Patty Blount. Our friend, Mrs A. appears to have been under great obligations to her aunt, and to have derived from her chiefly that taste for reading and study, which has been of so great use to her in the course of her long and solitary life. I do not find that Mrs Cockburn was distinguished for her taste: her attempts in poetry show rather a deficiency in that respect. Her tragedy, called 'The Fatal Friendship,' ought to have been suppressed; for it does her no credit, and shows her to have been at eighteen a greater adept in love matters than unmarried women of that age are commonly supposed to be: There are passages in that play, which I could not have the face to read, or hear read, in a lady's company. But her youth, and

the licentiousness of the English stage in the end of the last century, may be pleaded, and ought to be admitted, as an apology, in behalf of one, who was undoubtedly an ornament to her sex, and an honour to her country. There are in her works, especially in her letters, many things that would entertain you. She lived many years (between 1726 and 1737) in Aberdeen; and yet I never heard any person there speak of her, though I have often heard her husband spoken of by those who must have known both."

LETTER CCXII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 31st July, 1789.

"I am very happy to hear, that the Lord-Primate of Ireland * has not forgotten me, and beg

* The most reverend Dr Richard Robinson, Lord Archbishop of Armagh. A most exemplary prelate, of great worth, as this singular act of munificence strongly evinces. His Grace was, I believe, cousin to Mrs Montagu; and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Out of compliment to her, the remainder of his peerage of Rokeby was taken to her nephew, who now enjoys it.

leave to offer my humble respects to his Grace. The endowing of an university at Armagh, with a library and astronomical apparatus, is a work worthy of his benevolent, liberal, and magnificent mind. Though the college of Dublin be, as I have been told it is, abundantly flourishing, it is certainly not extensive enough for so populous a country as Ireland; one proof of which is the great number of Irish students that every year resort to Glasgow; a circumstance which gives no little uneasiness to the people of Dublin, if I may judge from some of their pamphlets; in which not Glasgow only, but the other Scottish universities, are attacked with rancorous asperity, and such a total disregard to truth, as is hardly credible. I once had thoughts of answering one of the most malicious of those pamphlets, but changed my mind on considering, that the abuse was anonymous, and, in respect of style and composition, so void of merit, that there was no chance of its gaining any attention. I sincerely wish success to the Archbishop's noble foundation at Armagh. Every friend to humanity must regret, that his health is so precarious. I made Mr Creech very happy, by transmitting to him your,

and his Grace's, approbation of the 'Comparative View of Edinburgh.'

"One knows not what to say of this wonderful revolution, that is likely to take place in France. As I wish all mankind to be free and happy, I should rejoice in the downfal of French despotism, if I thought it would give happiness to the people; but the French seem to me to be better fitted for that sort of government which they want to throw off, than for any other that they could adopt in its stead. Till of late, the glory of the monarch was the supreme wish of a Frenchman's heart; and that principle, though in the day of trouble and tumult it may admit of a temporary suspension, will not soon or easily give way to the cooler and more philosophic notions that have long been familiar to the British politician. It is true, the political ideas of the French have been in a state of improvement ever since the time of Montesquieu, who first gave his countrymen a sketch of the constitution of England: but political liberty is a thing, which, even among us who have long enjoyed it, is not universally understood; and which Harrington, Sydney, and Locke, understood very imperfectly. I dare say, that the bulk of the French nation at

this moment suppose, as the North-Americans seem to do, that liberty consists in the privilege of doing what they please, or, at least, of being subject to no laws but those of their own making; and yet it is certainly neither the one nor the other. The first would be anarchy, the worst sort of slavery; and the other is not compatible with any plan of policy that was ever yet devised by man. Political liberty I take to be, that state of society, in which men are so governed by equitable laws, and so tried by equitable judges, that no man can be hindered from doing what the law allows him to do, nor have reason to be afraid of any man so long as he does his duty. But I apprehend it will be long before a nation, emerging from despotism, and assuming a popular form of policy, can hit upon the proper way of establishing such a state of things; and, till that be done, convulsions are to be expected, which will sometimes endanger liberty, and sometimes tend to the subversion of legal authority. If the revolution in France be made effectual, it will probably be beneficial to the poor negroes: for I am told that M. Neckar, and the National Assembly, have explicitly declared themselves for the abolition of the slave-trade.

"I am very sorry to hear of the death of my friend, Mr Ramsay, who was one of the first who drew the public attention to that subject. He was long in the West Indies; and at his return to Britain was presented to the living of Teston in Kent, and published his book on Slavery, which so exasperated the people concerned in that business, that they attacked not only his book, but also his moral character, with every species of abuse. Ramsay, however, stood his ground, and answered to all the charges they brought against him. When I told him, about two years ago, that I thought he gave himself too much unnecessary trouble in answering every adversary, whether anonymous or otherwise, he said there was something in his temper, which would not allow him to rest till he had done so. I am persuaded, that anxiety of his has been in a great measure the occasion of his death; and I find the Bishop of London, who knew him well, is of the same opinion. The Bishop says he has died a martyr to a noble cause. Mr Ramsay was born at Frasersburgh, about eighteen miles from this place, and was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, where I got acquainted with him. He was several years older than I; but our standing

as collegians was the same, though we were of different colleges."

The following letter, no doubt, refers to some present of money made by Mrs Montagu to Dr Beattie's youngest son, who had been named after her; but I do not find any letter, either of her's or of Dr Beattie's, in which the amount is specified. What he says of the blame she used to throw on Rousseau and others, for refusing such presents, as setting too high a value on money, is not, to me at least, very intelligible.

LETTER CCXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 14th September, 1789.

"Though I have had innumerable opportunities of admiring the generosity of your sentiments, and your superiority to the formalities of fashion and verbal compliment, I am at a loss what an-

swer I shall return to your letter. I know with what pleasure you confer favours, and that you prize the gifts of fortune only as they supply you with the means of doing good; I have heard you blame Rousseau and others for setting so high a value on money, as to refuse any assistance of that kind from those whose patronage they would have been proud to boast of in any other way: and yet so largely have I already participated in your bounty, that I am almost tempted to remonstrate a little on the present occasion. However, let it be as you are pleased to order. In return for so much goodness, it would ill become me to teize you with protestations and apologies. With the most sincere gratitude, therefore, and with fervent prayers for your health and happiness, I accept of your most generous offer in behalf of my little boy, whom you honour with the appellation of godson. He shall thank you soon with his own hand. I know he will be much affected with this new instance of your favour. For though he is sometimes less attentive than I could wish in matters of literature, he is of an affectionate and grateful disposition, and his veneration for you, Madam, is unbounded. As yet he knows not what your letter contains.

I intend to keep back from him that intelligence for a few days, till circumstances afford me an opportunity of enforcing, by means of it, some useful moral lesson; and a lesson so enforced, will, I trust, have a powerful and lasting effect. When I return to Aberdeen, which will be in ten or twelve days, I shall, by subjoining a clause to my will, secure your bounty to him; which will be a very material addition to his *peculium*.

"If the newspapers may be credited, French affairs become every day "confusion worse con- "founded." Whatever may be in the minds of the more intelligent part of the nation, it is plain that the generality are actuated by a levelling principle of the worst kind; which one is sorry to see likely to extend its influence beyond the limits of France. I do not think that any thing like the enormities now prevailing there, took place during our civil wars of the last century. We lost much blood, it is true, but it was generally in the field of battle, or with some appearance at least of law; and we had but two parties, and those headed by men of abilities and authority. But in France there seems to be no subordination, authority, or law, nor any great abilities exerted any where; instead of two, there are

innumerable parties; and the blood that is spilt is all in the way of murder and massacre."

LETTER CCXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 12th December, 1789.

"I thank you for your valuable hints with respect to Addison. They shall be duly attended to. I have begun my notes on Tickell's life of him, and written several pages. But I fear it will not be possible for me to make them interesting; so that if Mr Sibbald * expect much from them, he will certainly be disappointed. I suppose there will not be room in the volume for more than thirty or forty pages of this prefatory matter;† and those I hope to finish in a few weeks.

"I remember that Dr Hurd speaks somewhere of somebody who had projected an epic poem of the ancient and legitimate form; but I know not whom he meant. I have heard Dr Brown

* The publisher. † They amount to xlvi.

guessed to be the person; but he was by no means equal to the task; nor has either this age or the last produced a genius equal to it, except perhaps Mr Gray. Pope himself would have failed if he had persisted in his epic project. He would undoubtedly have made something superior to 'Leonidas,' the 'Epigoniad,' the 'Henriade,' &c. but with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, he could no more cope, than "I with Hercules."

"I wish I could see Philips's play of the 'Distrest Mother;' for I never have seen it, nor do I know where to inquire about it. I wish you would take the trouble to compare it with Racine's 'Andromaque,' and inform me how far it is a translation or an imitation of that tragedy. From such a writer as Ambrose Philips I never could have expected a good play, or a good poem of any sort; which made me always think, that there must be great extravagance of praise in what Addison says of it. But it has the merit of furnishing matter for one of the most humorous of Addison's papers. That strange mixture of sentiments that arise in Sir Roger's mind, from his every now and then mistaking the play for a reality, and by and by recollecting that it is but a play, is perfectly natural, and Addison has ma-

naged it to the best account. Fielding's imitation of it, in that part of 'Tom Jones' where Partridge goes to see 'Hamlet,' is hardly inferior."

LETTER CCXV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 9th April, 1790.

"I was so much delighted with your most affectionate letter, that I wished to answer it in course; but was prevented, by having more to do in the college than usual, it being the last week of our session. The vacation is now begun; and nothing, but what I am going to mention, would prevent my setting out immediately for your house in George-street, where I wish on many accounts to be, and where, in a few weeks, I hope I shall be. My son's bad health is the circumstance which prevents me. In the end of last November, by giving assistance to a sick friend in the night-time, he got a very severe cold, which came on with a violent fit of fever, and he has been in a declining way almost ever

since. Within these three weeks he has got a little better, which I flatter myself is at this season of the year a good symptom. He has no cough, and very little positive pain, and he has good spirits; his chief complaints are weakness and a disordered stomach. Dr ***** thinks, and he thinks himself, that some weeks of Peterhead water, followed by a course of goats' milk, will set him up again. To Peterhead, therefore, we shall go in a few days.

"There is not much in my notes on Addison's papers. They do not interfere with what I projected some time ago, about an 'Essay on the Writings and Genius of Addison;' which, if I live to finish it, will be a volume by itself. But, as you observe, the second volume of my 'Elements,' &c. must be my first concern. A great part of the materials of it are provided; and two or three months of leisure, and tolerable health, would almost enable me to finish it.

"The same favourable accounts, which you are so good to give me, of the Bishop of London and Mrs Porteus, I have received from several quarters, and very lately in a letter from himself, in which there is a particular and pleasing description of his new Kentish retreat near Seven-

oaks. I once thought of seeing him, and some other friends in the south, in the course of the ensuing summer. The Bishop's constitution is certainly not a robust one; it seems rather the contrary; and yet nobody enjoys better health and spirits than he; such are the effects of temperance, activity, and a cheerful temper. I earnestly pray his life may be long; for he is a blessing to his friends, and a zealous and judicious guardian of the church. You would observe, and I am sure with pleasure, how averse the parliament is to civil or ecclesiastical innovation. This to all, "who fear God and honour "the King, who study to be quiet and mind their "own business, and meddle not with them who "are given to change," must be very welcome intelligence. I hope our people will take warning from France; which I believe is at present a miserable country, and likely to continue so. The French wish for liberty, but know not what it is; they seem to think it the same thing with levelling. Their King is the slave of their Assembly, and their Assembly are the slaves of the rabble."

LETTER CCXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Peterhead, 25th April, 1790.

"I thank you for your very kind letter, and for the tender concern you take in my son's welfare. By the advice of physicians, and in consequence of his own earnest desire, I brought him hither about a week ago. He has gained nothing as yet; I am afraid he has rather been losing ground. Yet Dr ***** is under no apprehensions, and assures me there is nothing the matter with him but weakness; which, being the effect of relaxation merely, good weather, fresh air, strengthening medicines, and moderate exercise, will in time remove. I thought of a journey for him several weeks ago; but find, after repeated trials, that he has not strength equal to it.

"Of the notes on Tickell's 'Life of Addison,' and Johnson's 'Remarks on his Prose-writings,' the printing is at last begun, but proceeds very slowly. I am much obliged to you for the extract from the 'New Tatler,' relating to Addi-

son's thousand pounds. It is certainly a true state of that transaction, of which Dr Johnson gives an account so partial, and to Addison so injurious.

"The annotations on the late edition of the 'Tatler,' in six volumes, are in general not such as one would have expected. Many of them are very trifling; and many of them, by endeavouring to substitute real for fictitious names, and so to transform general into personal satire, are injurious to the writers of the 'Tatler,' and have a tendency to make that work both less useful and less amusing. And what are we to think of that assertion, so often repeated in those annotations, that it is impossible to distinguish the style of Addison from that of Steele? This alone would satisfy me, that the annotators were no competent judges, either of composition, or of the English language; which indeed appears from the general tenor of their own style, which is full of those new-fangled phrases and barbarous idioms, that are now so much affected by those who form their style from political pamphlets, and those pretended speeches in parliament that appear in newspapers. Should this jargon continue to gain ground among us, English literature will

go to ruin. During the last twenty years, especially since the breaking out of the American war, it has made an alarming progress. One does not wonder that such a fashion should be adopted by illiterate people, or by those who are not conversant in the best English authors; but it is a shame to see such a man as Lord Hailes give way to it, as he has done in some of his latest publications. If I live to execute what I propose, on the writings and genius of Addison, I shall at least enter my protest against this practice; and, by exhibiting a copious specimen of the new phraseology, endeavour to make my reader set his heart against it.

"I am very happy to hear, that your eldest son intends so soon to exchange Paris for Geneva; a land of impiety and distraction, for a settled government in a Christian country. Ever since the breaking out of this revolution, (I should rather say, since the commencement of French anarchy) my opinion of that infatuated people has been invariably the same. I wish them liberty with all my heart; but the liberty they aim at, that is, the liberty of doing what they please, I do not wish them. No despotism is so dreadful as that of the rabble; the *Bastile* was never

so bad a thing as the *lanterne* is; and I doubt not that the greatest and most respectable part of the French nation would be heartily glad to see their old government re-established, even in all its rigour. But, in fact, it was not rigorous; it was the mildest despotism upon earth; and far preferable, in my opinion, if we consider what was good in it, as well as what was bad, to any republican form of government now subsisting. I wish Mr Burke would publish what he intended on the present state of France. He is a man of principle, and a friend to religion, to law, and to monarchy, as well as to liberty."

LETTER CCXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 23d July, 1790.

"I have read Bruce's 'Travels,' all but the second volume, which contains a very uninteresting business, the civil history of Abyssinia. I became fonder of Bruce as he and I grew better acquainted. He is not an elegant writer, but he is frequently a learned one; and, though too

much given to ostentation, I think we must, for all that, acknowledge him to be a hero. There is much curious matter in him: I thought I saw some contradictions or inconsistencies; but that might be owing to the distracted state of my mind. If I can find leisure, I will read him a second time, and then I am sure I shall like him still better. I honour him greatly for being a Christian, as well as a traveller and philosopher: there are in his book many striking confirmations of the truth of the Old Testament history, which he emphatically calls the most authentic of all ancient histories."

LETTER CCXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 3d August, 1790.

"My son continues, as he has been for these four weeks past, without either gaining ground, or apparently losing any. His debility is extreme; and his cough a little troublesome, but not very painful; and to me it does not seem to have that hollow sound which is generally heard in con-

sumptive cases. He continues his milk diet; the greatest part of which is goats' milk.

"I am well aware of the propriety of your advice, and will endeavour to profit by it. To torment ourselves with unavailing anxieties about possible or even probable evils, is not only imprudent, but unlawful; for our religion expressly forbids it. But I have not now the command of my thoughts. Ever since the commencement of our vacation, I have been passing, without intermission, from one scene of perplexity and sorrow to another. But let me not trouble you with things of this nature. It would become me better to speak of the manifold blessings which Providence has conferred upon me, than of any trials which may have fallen to my lot. These will all terminate well, if it is not my own fault; and even for these I ought to be thankful; for I can say, from the fullest conviction, that 'it is good 'for me to have been afflicted.'

"I am glad that you approve of my slight annotations upon Addison. I have not yet got a sight of the new edition of his prose-works; but I should like to see it, having almost forgotten what I wrote, of which I kept no copy. I am greatly obliged to Miss Bowdler for her fa-

vourable opinion; and am well pleased to find, that she approves of my sentiments with respect to the present rapid decline of the English language. I begin to fear it will be impossible to check it; but an *attempt* would be made, if I had leisure, and a little more tranquillity of mind.

"I have been reading, with all the attention that my bewildered mind is capable of, Bishop Newton's 'Dissertations on the Prophecies.' The simplicity of the style and manner is very characteristical of its author, whom I well knew, and who was the most saint-like Nathaniel I ever saw. It is a very learned and pious work, and should be read by every body: for though all the reasonings are not equally satisfying, a thing not to be expected in such a work, it contains many acute and striking observations, which, though they should not overcome the obstinacy of the infidel, can hardly fail to confirm the faith of the Christian. It contains a very great variety of historical information, and throws a surprising light on many obscure passages of Scripture."

That misfortune which Dr Beattie had long dreaded, the loss of one so dear to him as his eldest son, was now fast advancing. In his letters to his friends for several months preceding, he had given a melancholy presage of what was about to happen; and the piety and resignation with which he viewed its approach, were truly edifying.

The following letter to the Duchess of Gordon gives an account of that event having actually taken place. It is worthy of himself, and cannot be perused without a deep sense of what he must have suffered on the occasion.

LETTER CCXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 1st December, 1790.

"Knowing with what kindness and condescension your Grace takes an interest in every thing that concerns me and my little family, I

take the liberty to inform you, that my son James is dead; that the last duties to him are now paid; and that I am endeavouring to return, with the little ability that is left me, and with entire submission to the will of Providence, to the ordinary business of life. I have lost one who was always a pleasing companion; but who, for the last five or six years, was one of the most entertaining and instructive companions that ever man was blest with: For his mind comprehended almost every science; he was a most attentive observer of life and manners; a master of classical learning; and he possessed an exuberance of wit and humour, a force of understanding, and a correctness and delicacy of taste, beyond any other person of his age I have ever known.

"He was taken ill in the night of the 30th of November, 1789; and from that time his decline commenced. It was long what physicians call a *nervous atrophy;* but towards the end of June, symptoms began to appear of the lungs being affected. Goats' milk, and afterwards asses' milk, were procured for him in abundance; and such exercise as he could bear, he regularly took: these means lengthened his days, no doubt, and alleviated his sufferings, which indeed were not

often severe: but, in spite of all that could be done, he grew weaker and weaker, and died the 19th of November, 1790, without complaint or pain, without even a groan or a sigh; retaining to the last moment the use of his rational faculties: indeed, from first to last, not one delirious word ever escaped him. He lived twenty-two years and thirteen days. Many weeks before it came, he saw death approaching; and he met it with such composure and pious resignation, as may no doubt be equalled, but cannot be surpassed.

"He has left many things in writing, serious and humorous, scientific and miscellaneous, prose and verse, Latin and English; but it will be a long time before I shall be able to harden my heart so far as to revise them.

"I have the satisfaction to know, that every thing has been done for him that could be done; and every thing according to the best medical advice that Scotland could afford. For the last five months I kept in my family a young medical friend, who was constantly at hand: and from the beginning to the end of my son's illness, I was always either by him, or within call. From these circumstances, your Grace will readily be-

lieve, that I derive no little satisfaction. But my chief comfort arises from reflecting upon the particulars of his life; which was one uninterrupted exercise of piety, benevolence, filial affection, and indeed of every virtue which it was in his power to practise. I shall not, with respect to him, adopt a mode of speech which has become too common, and call him *my poor son:* for I must believe, that he is infinitely happy, and will be so for ever.

" May God grant every blessing to your Grace, your family, and all your friends.

" The Duke of Gordon has done me the honour, according to his wonted and very great humanity, to write me a most friendly and sympathetic letter on this occasion."

SECTION IV.

FROM THE DEATH OF DR BEATTIE'S ELDEST SON IN 1790, TO HIS OWN DEATH IN 1803.

DR BEATTIE bore the loss of his son with singular fortitude and resignation. Yet, although his grief was not clamorous, it was not the less severe; and that beautiful line of his own 'Hermit' might most aptly be applied to him:

"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

That event indeed had been long foreseen; he was therefore not altogether unprepared to meet the stroke: and the thousand nameless attentions which he had been in the daily habit of paying to this darling object of his affection, during the course of his illness, by continually occupying his time, had in some degree given employment to

his thoughts, and had prevented him from feeling the full weight of his impending misfortune. But when at length the scene was closed, and he had piously paid the last mournful duties to his child's remains, he experienced, in its full extent, the melancholy void which was occasioned by the loss of one so dear to him, who, as he himself emphatically expresses it, had been "the pleasantest, and for the last four or five years of "his short life, one of the most instructive companions that ever man was delighted with. But "—THE LORD GAVE; THE LORD HATH TAKEN "AWAY: BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD. "—I adore the Author of all good, who gave "him grace to lead such a life, and die such a "death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to "doubt of his having entered upon the inheri-"tance of a happy immortality."* His habitual piety and submission to the will of Heaven, were indeed the great sources whence he derived that fortitude by which he was enabled to bear up under this weight of affliction. The very thought, too, of his son's extraordinary merit, while in one

* "Account of the Life and Character of James Hay Beattie," p. 56. 12mo edition.

respect it aggravated the feeling of his loss, afforded him no slight consolation under it; and I believe he might have appropriated to himself, with perfect sincerity, the beautiful and affecting eulogy of the great Duke of Ormond, on occasion of the death of the virtuous and gallant Earl of Ossory, that " he would not exchange his " dead son for any living son in Christendom."*

As soon as Dr Beattie was able to collect his scattered thoughts, he set himself to examine the papers which his son had left behind him; consisting chiefly of fragments of essays, and unfinished pieces of poetry, on the composition of which he had occasionally employed himself; together with many unconnected memorandums of what he meant to perform, had it pleased God to prolong his life. Those manuscripts, as they evinced the extent of his genius, and the singular proficiency to which he had attained during so short a period, in so many branches of literature and science, while they excited his father's admiration, added to the regret he could not but feel for the untimely fate of one who had given such rich promise, had he been spared, of being

* Hume's 'History of England,' Vol. VIII. p. 164.

an ornament to his country, and a blessing to mankind. From among these papers, he selected such pieces as he thought deserving of preservation; and he soothed his grief, by writing an account of his son's life and character, which he resolved, though not to publish, yet to print for the use of his friends. He was pleased to inscribe it to Mr Baron Gordon, Major Mercer, Mr Arbuthnot, and myself, to all of whom he was much attached, as he had long received from us the strongest proofs of mutual friendship.

Of this selection, it must be fairly acknowledged, that all the pieces are by no means of equal merit. While some bear undisputed marks of genius and talents, far beyond the author's years, others do not rise even to mediocrity. He himself gave the reason of the miscellaneous nature of the collection, in his prefatory address; in which he says, that "He wished to give such "proofs as could be had, and might be publish-"ed, of the various talents of the author; and, "for the sake of example, to show, that, though "studious and learned, he was neither austere "nor formal; and that in him the strictest piety "and modesty were united with the utmost "cheerfulness, and even playfulness of disposi-

" tion."* In vain was it that some of his friends, to whose perusal he had submitted the manuscript, took the liberty of representing to him, that of those humorous pieces, of which Dr Beattie was himself exceedingly fond, although they had no doubt been highly relished by the domestic circle, for whose amusement they had been originally composed, some were of such a nature, as that no very high degree of approbation could be looked for from others—that, therefore, he had better confine his selection to such, whether in verse or prose, as were of undisputed merit. Dr Beattie, however, continued firm in his own opinion; and the volume came from the press as it now appears.† To the edition of Dr Beattie's works, in prose and verse, now preparing for publication, I propose to subjoin only such a selection of those pieces of his son's, as, in my judgment, do him most credit; together

* Dedication of the " Account of the Life and Character of " James Hay Beattie," p. vii.

† I have said, that the volume was originally printed at Dr Beattie's expence, and only distributed among his friends. Those pieces of his son's, however, so printed, together with the Account of his Life and Character, have since been published for sale in London, as a second volume of an edition of his own poetical works, published under his authority in the year 1799.

with an abridgement of the 'Account of his 'Life and Character.' If, in doing so, I shall thus take the liberty of differing from an authority so high, I can only plead in my own vindication, the opinion I have mentioned, as having originally been given, and the rectitude of my intention, in anxiously wishing to do what I think will be most conducive to the reputation of both father and son.

I now proceed with a continuance of his correspondence with his friends.

LETTER CCXX.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 14th December, 1790.

"I know you are anxious to hear from me; and I wish, as I have much to say, to write you a long letter; but that is not in my power at present. There is only one subject on which I can

think; * and my nerves are so shattered, and my mind feels (if I may so express myself) so sore, that I can hardly attend to any thing. You may be assured, that to the will of God I am perfectly resigned: and, in the late dispensation of his Providence, I see innumerable instances of the divine benignity, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful.

"Mr ****** would tell you many particulars, which I need not recapitulate. Since the last duty was paid, I have thrice a-day attended my business in the college; the doing of which is, in the present circumstances, painful and laborious, but perhaps salutary. I sleep irregularly: the pain in my side is frequently troublesome; and the dizziness of my head is so great, as would alarm and astonish me, if I had not been used to it: but, upon the whole, I am as well as I had any reason to expect. I have had very kind letters of condolence from all my friends.

"I know not whether you will, as a physician, approve of what I am doing at my hours of leisure—writing an account of the life, character, education, and literary proficiency, of our depart-

* The recent loss of his eldest son.

ed friend. I sometimes think it gives relief to my mind, and soothes it. At any rate, it is better than running into company, in order to drive him, as much as possible, out of my remembrance. With all the tenderness that writing on such a subject necessarily occasions, it yields also many consolations so pleasing, that for the world I would not part with them. I know not what I shall do with this narrative when it is finished: I have thoughts of printing a few copies of it, and sending them to my particular friends.

"I have ordered a marble slab to be erected over his grave; with an inscription of which I inclose a copy. In some things I think it falls below the truth; but rises in nothing above it, so far as I can judge. Monumental inscriptions I consider as belonging, not to poetry, but to history; the writers of them should give the truth, if possible the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I wrote this inscription in Latin; thinking that language more suitable, than English, to his character as a scholar and philosopher. The papers he has left are many; but few of them finished. In little notes and memorandums, some Latin and some English, I find strokes of

character greatly to his honour, forms of devotion, pious resolutions, hints for writing essays, &c."

LETTER CCXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 31st January, 1791.

"My heart is likely to receive very soon another deep wound. Our Principal's life is in the most extreme danger. The disorder began with what was supposed a cold only, but has become a most violent asthma with fever, and in the night-time such extreme distress, that Mrs Campbell told me to-day, in an agony of grief, that it would be better for him to be at rest. This morning he expressed great anxiety to see me. I went immediately, and was a quarter of-an-hour alone with him. He told me he was dying; with other matters which I cannot mention; and gave me directions with respect to some things in which he is interested. I endeavoured to raise his spirits; and when I left him, he was better

than when I went in. But Dr ***** has little or no hopes of him: Mrs Campbell has none. I thought his pulse not bad; but he told me he had always a very slow pulse. A person so amiable and so valuable, and who has been my intimate and affectionate friend for thirty years, it is not a slight matter to lose: but I fear I must lose him. His death will be an unspeakable loss to our society.

"The monument, with the inscription, is now erected in the church-yard; so that all that matter is over. I often dream of the grave that is under it: I saw with some satisfaction, on a late occasion, that it is very deep, and capable of holding my coffin laid on that which is already in it. I hope my friends will allow my body to sleep there."*

* See Vol. I. p. 26.

The inscription is as follows:

JACOBO. HAY. BEATTIE. JACOBI. F.
Philos. in. Acad. Marischal. Professori.
Adolescenti.
Ea. Modestia.
Ea. Suavitate. Morum.
Ea. Benevolentia. erga. omnes.
Ea. erga. Deum. Pietate.
Ut. Humanum. nihil. supra.
In. Bonis. Literis.
In. Theologia.
In. omni. Philosophia.
Exercitatissimo.
Poetæ. insuper.
Rebus. in. Levioribus. faceto.
In. Grandioribus. Sublimi.
Qui. Placidam. Animam. efflavit.
XIX. Novemb. MDCCXC.
Annos. habens. XXII. Diesque. XIII.
PATER. MOERENS. H. M. P.

LETTER CCXXII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

" Aberdeen, 31st January, 1791.

" I have too often sent you letters that must have given you pain: I am happy in having it in my power to send one that will give you pleasure. I beg you will let Mr Baron Gordon and Mr Arbuthnot know the contents of it.

" Our Principal Campbell's disorder has taken an unexpected and very favourable turn. I sat with him half-an-hour to-day, and found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, that his fever is gone, that he has little to complain of, and that he now begins to have hopes of recovery. I have seldom seen him more cheerful; and he would willingly have talked much more than I would allow him to do. Few things have ever happened to me in life that gave me more satisfaction than the prospect of his recovery. It is a blessing to the public, of inestimable benefit to Marischal College, and to me a very singular mercy. In consequence of it, I feel my heart more disengaged

and light, than it has been these many long months. May God confirm his recovery, and preserve him! The physicians both entertain sanguine hopes.

"You, my dear Sir, and I, have seen several instances of the power of Christianity in triumphing over death. I saw many instances of it on a late occasion, that nearly affected me. I must give you a little anecdote, which Mrs Campbell told me to-day: At a time when Dr Campbell seemed to be just expiring, and had told his wife and niece that it was so, a cordial happened unexpectedly to give him relief. As soon as he was able to speak, he said, that he wondered to see their countenances so melancholy, and covered with tears, in the apprehension of his departure. At that instant, said he, I felt my mind in such a state, in the thoughts of my immediate dissolution, that I can express my feelings in no other way, than by saying, that I was *in a rapture*. The feelings of such a mind as Dr Campbell's, in such an awful moment, when he certainly retained the full use of all his faculties, deserve to be attended to. When will an infidel die such a death!

"I have a thousand things to say; but, after what I said last, every thing else is impertinent. Adieu! May God bless Lady Forbes and your family."

LETTER CCXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 7th March, 1791.

"After the patient hearing which your Grace has done me the honour to grant to several of my opinions, I presume you will not be at a loss to guess what I think of Mr Burke's book on the French revolution. I wished the French nation very well; I wished their government reformed, and their religion; I wished both to be according to the British model: and I know not what better things I could have wished them. But (with the skill and temper of that surgeon, who, in order to alleviate the toothach, should knock all his patient's teeth down his throat) they, instead of reforming popery, seem to have resolved upon the abolition of Christianity; instead of amending their government, they have destroyed it;

and instead of advising their King to consult his own and his people's dignity, by making law the rule of his conduct, they have used him much more cruelly than our Charles I. was used; they have made him a prisoner and a slave.

"They will have a democracy indeed, and no aristocracy! They know not the meaning of the words. A democracy, in which *all* men are supposed to be perfectly equal, never yet took place in any nation; and never can, so long as the distinctions are acknowledged, of rich and poor, master and servant, parent and child, old and young, strong and weak, active and indolent, wise and unwise. They will have a republic; and of this word too they misunderstand the meaning; they confound republic with levelling: and a levelling spirit, generally diffused, would soon overturn the best republican fabric that ever was reared. They must also have a monarchy (or at least a monarch) without nobility; not knowing, that without nobility a free monarchy can no more subsist, than the roof of a house can rise to and retain its proper elevation, while the walls are but half built; not knowing, that where there are only two orders of people in a nation, and those the regal and the plebeian,

there must be perpetual dissention between them, either till the king get the better of the people, which will make him (if he pleases) despotical, or till the people get the better of the king, which, where all subordination is abolished, must introduce anarchy. It must be the interest of the nobility to keep the people in good humour, these being always a most formidable body; and it is equally the interest of the nobles to support the throne; for if it fall they are crushed in its ruins. The same House of Commons that murdered Charles I. voted the House of Lords to be useless: and when the rabble of France had imprisoned and enslaved their King, they immediately set about annihilating their nobles. Such things have happened; and such things must always happen in like circumstances. These principles I have been pondering in my mind these thirty years; and the more I learn of history, of law, and of human nature, the more I become satisfied of their truth. But there seems to be just now in France such a total ignorance of human nature and of good learning, as is perfectly astonishing; there is no consideration, no simplicity, no dignity; all is froth, phrensy, and foppery.

"In Mr Burke's book are many expressions, that might perhaps, with equal propriety, have been less warm: but against these it is not easy to guard, when a powerful eloquence is animated by an ardent mind. There are also, no doubt, some things that might have been omitted without loss: and the arrangement of the subject might perhaps have been more convenient for ordinary readers. But the spirit and principles of the work, I, as a lover of my King, and of the constitution of my country, do highly approve; and within my very narrow circle of influence, I shall not fail to recommend it. It came very seasonably; at a time, when a considerable party among us are labouring to introduce into this island the anarchy of France; and when some seem to entertain the hope, that the carnage of civil war will soon deluge our streets in blood: But no matter, say they, provided Kings, and nobles, and bishops, are exterminated; and Mahometans, Pagans, and atheists, obtain universal toleration.

"I once intended to have attempted to write something on the subject of Mr Burke's book, and nearly according to his plan: and, had my mind been a little more at ease during the last

summer, I believe I should have done it. But when I heard that Mr Burke had the matter in hand, I knew any attempt of mine would be not only useless, but impertinent. He has done the subject infinitely more justice than it was in my power to do.

"At a time when your Grace has so many matters of importance to attend to, I would not have troubled you with so long a letter, if you had not desired me to give my opinion of Mr Burke's book. But this led me into some digressions; which, though your judgment may blame, I know your goodness will pardon."

LETTER CCXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Fulham Palace, 7th June, 1791.

"The Bishop of London, who brought me out of town on Saturday last, urges me to go to Bath; in which he is joined by Miss Hannah More, who is here just now, though she commonly resides at Bath. She is to draw up a paper of directions for me. I know not whether

you have seen her. She is one of the most agreeable women I know: to her genius and learning * you are no stranger.

" Fulham Palace is a noble and venerable pile, and so large that I have not yet learned to find my way in it. The grounds belonging to it, which are perfectly level, and comprehend twenty or thirty acres, are of a circular form nearly, and surrounded by a moat supplied with water from the Thames; and round the whole circumference, on the inside of the moat, there is a fine gravel walk, shaded with four or five rows of the most majestic oaks, elms, &c. that are any where to be seen. Of the buildings, which form two square courts, (besides offices,) some are ancient, and some comparatively modern. Many of the apartments are magnificent, particularly the dining-room (which was the work of Bishop Sherlock) and the library. There is also a very elegant chapel, in which the whole family meet to prayers, at half past nine in the morning, and where the Bishop preached to us on Sunday evening, from the second article of the creed. I never heard, even from him, a finer sermon; and

* Vol. I. p. 272. Vol. II. p. 334.

Montagu, who is a sort of critic in sermons, was in utter astonishment at the energy and elegance of his pronunciation.

"I read yesterday the debate on the slave-trade, which fills a two-shilling pamphlet. The speeches of Mr Wilberforce, Mr Pitt, Mr W. Smith, and Mr Fox, are most excellent, and absolutely unanswerable. The friends to the abolition are very sanguine in their hopes, that this diabolical commerce will in two or three years be at an end."

LETTER CCXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Fulham Palace, 8th June, 1791.

"I know you will be very anxious to hear good accounts of my health, and I wish I could send you such; but that is very far from being the case. I left Aberdeen the 16th of April, and in a week, for I went very slowly, I got to Edinburgh, where I remained three weeks, during all which time we had from the east very cold and stormy weather. The journey from Edinburgh

to London was the work of nine days; for on account of my health I still went slowly, seldom above fifty miles a-day, though the roads were the finest that can be. On my arrival in London, the wind settled in the east, where it has been ever since; and the weather, from being cold and stormy, became, and still continues to be, unsupportably hot. Violent heat and east wind will, either of them, beat down my strength at any time: think then what I suffered, when both came upon me at once, enforced by the stifling atmosphere of London. I lost all my strength, and all the spirit that remained with me. The day after my arrival, I dined with Mrs Montagu, and her amiable nephew and niece, and introduced Montagu to his god-mother, who gave him as affectionate a reception as if he had been her own son, and seemed to be (indeed she told me she was) much pleased with his appearance and behaviour. Every body he has seen is kind to him, and he very soon becomes acquainted wherever he is. We lodged ten days with our friends Mr and Mrs ******, who showed us the utmost attention and kindness, and with whom we should have still been, if the Bishop of London had not on Saturday last brought us to this

place, which is his summer residence. It is indeed a noble and venerable mansion, five miles from town, on the brink of the Thames, and situated in a spacious lawn, surrounded with rows of the most majestic elms and oaks, &c. that are any where to be seen. I may have told you, that our friend ******'s house is within a hundred yards of Westminster Abbey. Notwithstanding this, and that the commemoration music was going on at the time we were there, in the presence of the King and Royal Family, and some thousands of the first people of the kingdom, and conducted by the greatest band of musicians that ever were brought together in this world; and though the music was Handel's, (for his Majesty hears no other on that occasion,) yet my health was such, that I could not go to it. Perhaps this was no loss to me. Even the organ of Durham Cathedral was too much for my feelings; for it brought too powerfully to my remembrance another organ, much smaller indeed, but more interesting, which I can never hear any more."*

* This alludes to his eldest son's performance on that instrument.

LETTER CCXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Fulham Palace, 30th June, 1791.

"I am favoured with yours of the 17th, and thank you for every part of it, especially for that in which you give me so particular an account of Lady Forbes, in whom I am indeed as much interested as I can be in any human being. I am greatly concerned to hear of her relapse; which, considering the very untowardly state of the weather, we need neither wonder nor be alarmed at: but now, when summer and the west-wind are at last come, I am confident she will soon experience a very sensible change for the better, and gradually regain her wonted health; to which her placid and cheerful temper will greatly contribute.

"My health is better since I came hither. To the tranquillity, the fresh air, and the venerable bowers of Fulham Palace, I owe much; but much more to its delightful inhabitants, whom I cannot leave without great regret. Among other

pleasing circumstances, I have here had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with some very respectable friends, whom I was formerly much connected with, but had not seen these fourteen years; particularly Lord Viscount Cremorne (formerly Lord Dartrey) and his lady, Mrs Boscawen (the Admiral's widow), and Mrs Garrick, who, notwithstanding her age, is still an elegant woman. I have also, once and again, met with Mr Horace Walpole, and had much conversation with him.* He is a very agreeable man, perfectly well bred, and of pleasant discourse; but it pains one to see him so miserably martyred by the gout, both in his feet and hands.

"Dining some days ago with Lord Guilford† at Bushy Park, I unexpectedly met with your friend, the Bishop of Kilaloe,‡ and his son. I presented your compliments to the Bishop, who asked particularly about Lady Forbes and you, and desired to be remembered to you. I was

* The well-known proprietor of Strawberry-Hill; afterwards Earl of Orford. He died 2d March, 1797, aged seventy-nine.

† Formerly Lord North, to whom, when minister, Dr Beattie had been so much obliged in the business of his pension, in the year 1773. See Vol. I. p. 332.

‡ Dr Barnard, now Bishop of Limerick.

happy to find that Lord Guilford, though he has entirely lost his sight, is in perfect health and spirits, and retains all his wonted vivacity and good humour: of which he indeed possesses a very uncommon share. He wears no fillet on his eyes, nor needs any, as their outward appearance is not altered in the least. Mr and Lady Katharine Douglas * dined there the same day, and are quite well: Lady Katharine is a most agreeable woman.

"Last week I made a morning visit to Mr Pitt.† I had heard him spoken of as a grave and reserved man; but saw nothing of it. He gave me a very frank, and indeed affectionate reception; and was so cheerful, and in his conversation so easy, that I almost thought myself in the company, rather of an old acquaintance, than of a great statesman. He was pleased to pay me some very obliging compliments, asked about my

* Now Lord Glenbervie, married to Lady Katharine North, Lord Guilford's eldest daughter. See Vol. I. p. 197.

† I lament, for the sake of my country and of Europe, to have, at the period of this publication, the melancholy necessity of recording the death of this eminent and excellent statesman. He died on the 23d January, 1806, at the early age of forty-six.

health, and how I meant to pass the summer; spoke of the Duchess of Gordon, the improvements of Edinburgh, and various other matters: and when I told him, I knew not what apology to make for intruding upon him, said, that no apology was necessary, for that he was very glad to see me, and desired to see me again."

LETTER CCXXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO MISS VALENTINE.

Sandleford, Berkshire, 27th July, 1791.

"Bath is a town about twice as large as Aberdeen, and situated in the bottom of a deep and narrow valley, overhung with steep hills on every side; so that there is hardly such a thing to be felt there as a fresh breeze. The soil is white chalk, which on the surface of the ground is pounded, by the feet of animals, and the wheels of carriages, into a fine powder, which, in dry weather, is continually flying about; and, drawn in with the breath, proved most offensive to my lungs, though they are not easily affected; in wet weather it covers all the level and narrow

streets with a deep mire. The heat of the place is, as you will readily suppose, very great; and the air much more close and stifling than that of London. Some of the streets are, in respect of architecture, very elegant, if they be not too gaudy, and too much ornamented; but, on the whole, it is an irregular and very inconvenient town. Being all built of free-stone, (an uncommon thing in England,) it has more the air of a Scotch town than of an English one; the English towns being for the most part of brick: and it put me more in mind of Edinburgh than any other place I have seen. Montagu will tell you more of it hereafter. The water of the pump, at least of that pump at which I was desired to drink, is so warm as to raise the mercury in the thermometer to 103: The common fountain-water is clear and cool, and indeed very good.

"At Bath, though my stay was so short, I met with some very agreeable people, particularly two ladies (to whom I was recommended by Miss Hannah More), and Mr Wilberforce.* This gen-

* William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. for the county of York, the strenuous promoter, in the House of Commons, of the abolition of the slave-trade; author of 'A Practical View of the

tleman, whom you know I was very anxious to see, is, for those virtues that most adorn human nature, one of the most distinguished characters of the age; and withal a man of great wit, cheerful conversation, exemplary piety, and uncommon abilities: I am sorry to see he is not robust; I am afraid his health is too delicate. I was with him part of three days. He is very partial to me, and showed me every possible attention, and was very kind to Montagu."

In the year 1790, † Dr Beattie had published the first volume of 'Elements of Moral Science;'

prevailing Religious System of professed Christians, in the higher and middle Classes in this Country, contrasted with real Christianity.'

† I must not omit to mention here a circumstance respecting the publication of the 'Elements of Moral Science,' very much to the credit of Dr Beattie. On his writing to me to dispose of the manuscript, to be printed in octavo, I applied to his bookseller, who made offer of a sum of money for the copy-right; adding, however, that he could afford to give me more if the book were to be printed in quarto. On my mentioning this to Dr Beattie, he immediately answered, "No; I do not wish, for "the sake of profit to myself, to increase the price to my stu- "dents, many of whom can but ill afford to purchase an expen- "sive publication." It accordingly never has been printed in quarto.

the second volume did not make its appearance until the year 1793. In an advertisement prefixed to the first volume, he informs us, that they contain an Abridgment, and, for the most part, a very brief one, of his Lectures on Moral Philosophy and Logic, delivered in Marischal College. It had long been his practice, he says, with a view of assisting the memory of his hearers, to make them write *notes* of each discourse. This practice, although it strongly evinces Dr Beattie's great attention to the instruction of his pupils, was not without its disadvantages, both to them and to himself.

As these notes were written in the lecture-room, many hours were necessarily consumed in that manner, which might have been more usefully employed in listening to the teacher. As they were also written in haste, they were very often inaccurate; and, by an unavoidable consequence, many manuscript copies had got into the world, and even some part into print, incomplete, as well as incorrect, with more imperfections, says Dr Beattie, than could reasonably be imputed to the author. To remedy both these evils, he was intreated to publish these notes himself, and thus put it in the power of his students to

procure correct copies of the whole summary, a little enlarged in the doctrinal parts, and with the addition of a few illustrative examples. Such is the account Dr Beattie gives of the publication of his 'Elements of Moral Science.' He adds farther, in the same advertisement, that he presumes nobody will be offended, if in these papers there be found, as there certainly will, numberless thoughts and arguments, which may be found elsewhere. It will be considered, he says, that as a professed province is generally assigned him by public authority, his business is rather to collect and arrange his materials, than to invent or make them. In his illustrations, in order to render what he teaches as perspicuous and entertaining as possible, he may give ample scope to his inventive powers; but in preparing a *summary* of his principles, he will be more solicitous to make a collection of useful truths, however old, than to amuse his readers with paradox, and theories of his own contrivance. And let it be considered farther, he adds, that as all the practical, and most of the speculative, parts of moral science, have been frequently and fully explained by the ablest writers, he would, if he should affect novelty in these matters, neither do

justice to his subject, nor easily clear himself from the charge of ostentation.

Notwithstanding this modest declaration on the part of the author, we should do great injustice to the work, were we to suppose it to be no more than a mere prospectus, or syllabus of a course of lectures on moral philosophy. In a certain degree, no doubt, it may be considered as a text-book; but in general so copious, so luminous in the arrangement, so perspicuous in the language, and so excellent in the sentiments it every where inculcates, that although the profound metaphysician and logician may not find in it that depth of science which they may expect to meet with in some other works of the same description, the candid inquirer after truth may rest satisfied, that if he has studied these 'Elements' with due attention, he will have laid a solid foundation, on which to build all the knowledge of the subject necessary for the common purposes of life. Some of the topics are no doubt treated with more, some with less, brevity. Of such of the lectures as have already, under the name of 'Essays,' been published in the same form in which they were at first composed, particularly those on 'The Theory of Language,' and

'On Memory and Imagination,' Dr Beattie has made this abridgment as brief as was consistent with any degree of perspicuity; while he has bestowed no less than seventy pages on his favourite topic, the *Abolition of the Slave-trade*, and the subjects of *Slavery* connected with it. On the *Slave-trade*, indeed, Dr Beattie felt the strongest and warmest interest in favour of the poor Africans; and he had employed himself, during five-and-twenty years, in collecting materials and information for the purpose of writing and publishing an essay in behalf of that unhappy people. In the mean time, he contrived to interweave into his lectures much of the substance of his projected essay; and while the business was pending in Parliament, and he waited with anxious expectation the success of the efforts of Mr Wilberforce and his friends towards effecting the abolition of the trade, Dr Beattie comforted himself with the reflection, not only that he was doing his duty, by raising his voice against the traffic, but that many of his pupils, in the various vicissitudes of life, being led to the West Indies, might carry his principles with them; and thus contribute, in a certain degree, to improve the unhappy condition of the negroes in our colo-

nies. * His 'Essay on Slavery,' however, was never published: nor do I find any other trace of it among his papers, than what is to be met with in this summary of his lectures.

Dr Beattie has divided his course of lectures into four parts, viz. *Psychology*, *Natural Theology*, *Moral Philosophy*, and *Logic*. These, again, he has subdivided into a variety of subordinate parts. Under the first part, he has treated of the *Perceptive Faculties*, and of *the Active Powers of Man*. In the second, or that on *Natural Theology*, he has devoted two chapters to the consideration of the *Divine Existence* and *Divine Attributes;* the proofs of which he deduces from what we feel within ourselves, and what we perceive in contemplating created nature around us. To this he has added an appendix on the *Immateriality* and *Immortality of the Soul*. His second volume, or that division of his subject which comprehends *Moral Philosophy*, commences with *Ethics*, under which head he gives a general delineation of virtue, as well as of the nature and foundation of particular virtues, comprehending those duties which we owe to God, to one an-

* See page 61.

other, and to ourselves. *Œconomics* then follow, comprehending the relative duties of life; in which part it is, that he takes occasion to treat so largely of *Slavery*, and particularly that of the negroes. The third part contains two chapters on the General Nature of Law, and the Origin and Nature of Civil Government. To this succeeds *Logic*, comprehending *Rhetoric* and *Belles Lettres*, and containing much beautiful and valuable criticism on style and composition of various sorts; which he who wishes to form a good style, and to excel in composition of any kind, either prose or verse, will do well to study with attention.* The whole is concluded by some *Remarks on Evidence.*

To give a more copious analysis is not necessary here, as those who wish to be better acquainted with the work, will naturally have recourse to the book itself; which they will find to contain the most interesting truths, explained in a popular but convincing manner, in which elegance, variety, and harmony of style, are united

* The diligent student, however, will not content himself with this abridgment, but will carefully peruse what is said at large on the head, in Dr Beattie's Essays and Dissertations on 'Poetry,' and 'The Theory of Language.'

with simplicity, and the subjects illustrated by familiar allusions to history and common life, in such a manner as may not only amuse the fancy, but instruct the understanding, and improve the heart.

But there is one excellence of Dr Beattie's 'Lectures on Moral Philosophy,' on which I cannot but dwell with peculiar emphasis; and that is, his happy manner of fortifying his arguments from natural religion, on the most important points, by the aid of revelation. While he details, with precision, the proofs which natural reason alone affords, he never omits any proper opportunity of appealing to revelation in support of his doctrine, sometimes in the very words of Scripture, at other times by a general reference to the subject, as it is to be learned there; thus making them mutually support and strengthen each other, as ought ever to be the study of every teacher of ethics. Dr Beattie is, therefore, justly entitled to the most distinguished of all appellations, that of A CHRISTIAN MORAL PHILOSOPHER. *

* An eminent Professor of Moral Philosophy, Dr Ferguson, whose 'Lectures,' delivered in the university of Edinburgh,

LETTER CCXXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 17th April, 1793.

"I am very happy in your and Mr Fraser Tytler's approbation of my book; as also Sir William Forbes's and our Principal's, who read it

have been published since he resigned his chair, has the following observation:

"It may be asked, perhaps, why he (the Professor) should "restrict his argument, as he has done, to the mere topics of "Natural Religion and Reason? This, being the foundation of "every superstructure, whether in morality or religion, and, "therefore, to be separately treated, he considered as that part "of the work which was allotted to him. Farther institutions "may improve, but cannot supersede, what the Almighty has "revealed in his works, and in the suggestions of reason to "man.

"When first we from the teeming womb were brought,
"With inborn precepts, then, our souls were fraught."
ROWE'S *Lucan*, lib. ix. l. 984.

"And what the Author of our nature has so taught, must be "considered as the test of every subsequent institution that is of-"fered as coming from Him." ‖

‖ Prefatory advertisement to 'Principles of Moral and Political Science,' by Adam Ferguson, LL. D. page vii.

in manuscript. General approbation I do not expect. The plainness of the style will, by our

In this concluding sentiment, Dr Ferguson is no doubt perfectly right; and yet I cannot but presume totally to differ from him in regard to his maxim of confining himself to arguments drawn from natural religion and reason alone The consequences of such a mode of teaching appear to me extremely hazardous: for if the Professor shall state an argument, amounting to any strong degree of probability, which at the best is the utmost he can do, there is danger that the student may rest satisfied with the reasoning, and, leaving revelation entirely out of the question, may not seek to carry his inquiries any farther. If, on the contrary, he derive no solid conviction from the use of mere reasoning, the risk is, that he sink into decided scepticism and infidelity.

Dr Beattie, on the contrary, while he does ample justice to his arguments from reason, never loses sight of the Gospel, as the sole anchor of a Christian's hope. As a proof of this, take the following among many instances that might be produced from the book now before us. The sentiments enforced are so transcendently beautiful, that they never can be out of place or season, wherever they may be found.

In his second chapter of *Natural Theology*, speaking of the divine attributes, he says: "Revelation gives such a display of "the divine goodness, as must fill us with the most ardent gra- "titude and adoration. For in it we find, that God has put it "in our power, notwithstanding our degeneracy and unworthi- "ness, to be happy both in this world and for ever; a hope "which reason alone could never have permitted us to entertain "on any ground of certainty. And here we may repeat what "was already hinted at, that although the right use of rea- "son supplies our first notions of the divine nature, yet it is "from revelation that we receive those distinct ideas of His at- "tributes and providence, which are the foundation of our dear-

fashionable writers, be termed vulgarity; the practical tendency of the whole will satisfy our

" est hopes. The most enlightened of the Heathen had no cer-
" tain knowledge of his unity, spirituality, eternity, wisdom, jus-
" tice, or mercy; and, by consequence, could never contrive a
" comfortable system of natural religion, as Socrates, the wisest
" of them, acknowledged." §

In his lecture on the Immortality of the Soul, he thus introduces the subject: " It is unnecessary to prove to a Christian, " that his soul will never die; because he believes, that life and " immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel. But, " though not necessary, it may be useful to lay before him " those arguments, whereby the immortality of the soul might " be made appear, even to those who never heard of revelation, " probable in the highest degree," &c. &c. ||

In treating of the Divine Attributes, Dr Beattie says, " It is " reasonable to think, that a Being infinitely good, must also be " of infinite mercy: but still the purity and justice of God must " convey the most alarming thoughts to those who know them-" selves to have been, in instances without number, inexcusably " criminal. But from what is revealed in Scripture, concerning " the divine dispensations with respect to man, we learn, that " on performing certain conditions, we shall be forgiven and re-" ceived into favour, by means which at once display the divine " mercy in the most amiable light, and fully vindicate the di-" vine justice.

" It is indeed impossible to understand the doctrines of our " religion, and not to *wish at least* that they may be true: for " they exhibit the most comfortable views of God and his pro-" vidence; they recommend the purest and most perfect mora-" lity; and they breathe nothing throughout, but benevolence,

§ Elements of Moral Science, Vol. I, p. 400. || Ibid. p. 214.

speculative metaphysicians, that the author must be shallow and superficial, and a dealer in com-

"equity, and peace: and one may venture to affirm, that no "man ever *wished* the Gospel to be true, who did not *find* it "so." ‡

Discoursing of *the Nature of Virtue*, Dr Beattie says, "These "speculations might lead into a labyrinth of perplexity, if it "were not for what revelation declares concerning the divine "government. It declares, that man may expect, on the per- "formance of certain conditions, not only pardon, but everlast- "ing happiness; not on account of his own merit, which in the "sight of God is nothing, but on account of the infinite merits "of the Redeemer, who, descending from the height of glory, "voluntarily underwent the punishment due to sin, and thus ob- "tained those high privileges for as many as should comply "with the terms announced by him to mankind." † Again,

"It is the belief of a future state of retribution, that satisfies "the rational mind of the infinite rectitude of the divine govern- "ment; and it is this persuasion only, that can make the vir- "tuous happy in the present life. And if we could not without "revelation, entertain a well-grounded hope of future reward, it "is only the virtue of the true Christian that can obtain the "happiness we now speak of. §

"Though all men are sinners, yet some are highly respecta- "ble on account of their goodness; and there are crimes so "atrocious, perjury for example, that one single perpetration "makes a man infamous. The Scripture expressly declares, "that, in the day of judgment, it will be more tolerable for "some criminals than for others; and not obscurely insinuates, "that the future exaltation of the righteous will be in proportion "to their virtue." ‖

‡ Elements of Moral Science, Vol. I. p. 402.
† Ibid. Vol. II. p. 31. § Ibid. p. 39.
‖ Ibid. p. 77.

mon-place observations; and the deference that is paid in it to the doctrines of Christianity, will,

Speaking of *Piety*, or the *Duties we owe to God*, he says, "How "far the deplorable condition of many of the human race, with "respect to false religion, barbarous life, and an exclusion, hi- "therto unsurmountable, from all means of intellectual improve- "ment, may extenuate, or whether it may not, by virtue of the "great atonement, entirely cancel the imperfection of those to "whom, in this world, God never was, or without a miracle "could be, known, we need not inquire. It is enough for us to "know, that for *our* ignorance we can plead no such apolo- "gy." ‡

On the subject of *Public Worship*, he says, "These consider- "ations alone would recommend external worship as a most ex- "cellent means of improving our moral nature. But Christians "know farther, that this duty is expressly commanded; and "that particular blessings are promised to the devout perform- "ance of it. In us, therefore, the neglect of it must be inexcu- "sable, and highly criminal. ‖

"That principle which restrains malevolent passions, by dis- "posing us to render to every one his own, is called Justice: "a principle of great extent, and which may not improperly be "said to form a part of every virtue; as in every vice there is "something of injustice towards God, our fellow men, or our- "selves. As far as our fellow men are concerned, the great "rule of justice is, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do "unto you, do ye even so to them:' a precept which, in this its "complete form, we owe to the Gospel; and which, for its "clearness and reasonableness, for being easily remembered, "and on all occasions easily applied to practice, can never be "too much admired." §

‡ Elements of Moral Science, Vol. II. p. 80.
‖ Ibid. p. 83. § Ibid. p. 98.

by all our Frenchified critics, be considered as a proof, that he is no philosopher. You observe, very justly, that the science of morality has not often, at least in modern times, been so treated, as to show its connection with practice; but I have always considered morality as a practical science; and, in every other part of literature, I do not see the use of those speculations that can be applied to no practical purpose. It may be said, that they exercise the human faculties, and so qualify men for being casuists and disputants; but casuistry and disputation are not the business for which man is sent into the world; although I grant, that they may sometimes, like dancing and playing at cards, serve as an amusement to those who have acquired a taste for them, and have nothing else to do."

Such was the mode of teaching moral philosophy practised by Dr Beattie, during the long course of upwards of thirty years in his public lectures at Aberdeen. Let the reader compare those animating and comfortable doctrines inculcated by this excellent writer, with the cold and cheerless speculations of natural reason alone, and then let him say, which method most deserves the preference, or is most likely to promote the happiness of mankind?

In the month of October, 1793, Dr Beattie was much affected by the sudden death of his favourite sister, Mrs Valentine.* She had left her house apparently in perfect health; but having been taken ill in the street of Montrose, was carried home speechless, and expired in a few days. His mother had also died suddenly of an apoplexy.† From several of his letters about this time, he appears also to have believed himself to be dangerously ill. At this period, indeed, his health was so bad, that he found himself unequal to the task of teaching his class as usual: he, therefore, engaged Mr George Glennie, who had been his pupil, to assist him during the session of the university 1793-4. He continued, however, to teach his class occasionally, until the commencement of the winter-session of the year 1797.

* Widow of Captain John Valentine, who commanded a merchant vessel belonging to the town of Montrose, where his family resided.

† Dr Beattie's mother resided, for several years before her death, with her son David in the neighbourhood of Lawrencekirk, during which period Dr Beattie showed her every mark of

The Rev. Dr Campbell, on perusing Mr Fraser Tytler's 'Essay on the Principles of Translation,' had been struck with a coincidence of the author's sentiments in regard to the fundamental laws of the art, with those general principles, which he himself had briefly laid down in one of his preliminary dissertations to his 'New Translation of the Gospels,' and had expressed some suspicion, that the Author of the 'Essay on 'Translation' had seen that dissertation, which was published a short time before his essay. Of the groundlessness of this suspicion, Mr Fraser Tytler very soon convinced that respectable writer, as he candidly owned in the amplest and most handsome terms of apology. The following passage in Dr Beattie's letter relates to this subject.

attention in his power. She died there at a very advanced age. See Letter XXV. to Mrs Valentine, Vol. I. p. 149.

LETTER CCXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO ALEX. FRASER TYTLER, ESQ. NOW LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

Aberdeen, 17th November, 1793.

"I needed no information on the subject of your last. As you had not mentioned our friend Dr Campbell's 'Translation of the Gospels,' or the critical dissertations prefixed to it, I was very certain that you had neither borrowed any thing from him, nor even read that learned and excellent work; and I told him so, and easily persuaded him that it was so. Your letter to him I read very attentively; and as I knew there was nothing in it which he would or could disapprove, I sealed and gave it to him. He is, I assure you, perfectly satisfied, as I dare say he has told you before now. On such a subject it is hardly possible that two men of sense and learning could differ in opinion; and, therefore, it is no wonder that there should be such a coincidence of your sentiments with his. I have thought, and writ-

ten too, on the same subject, and I agree most cordially with you both.

"You did me much honour when you asked me to write a short historical account of our dear departed friend, your father. To do so would be an agreeable employment to me; as I have sometimes been inclined to think, that next to the pleasure of conversing with a living friend, is that of meditating on the virtues of a deceased one. The last is indeed a melancholy pleasure, but is not perhaps on that account the less delightful. But of late, since my health became so bad, I sometimes think I shall never be in a condition to write any more. I am so much disheartened and stupified by this vertigo, to say nothing of my other complaints, that I frequently lose the command of my thoughts, and become incapable of all mental exertion. However, if I should get a little better, and if there is no occasion for haste in preparing the biographical account of your father, it may still perhaps be in my power to attempt it.* I am at a loss to know how to

* This Dr Beattie never accomplished. An excellent biographical sketch of the life of Mr Tytler, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. is printed in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of 'Edinburgh,' Vol. IV. p. 33. See Appendix, [O.]; and Vol. I. p. 147.

find Dr Anderson's account, for I seldom see his periodical work; and with reviews and magazines I am still less acquainted.

"If you see Sir William Forbes or Mr Arbuthnot, please to show them this letter. It will account for my writing so seldom to them of late."

LETTER CCXXX.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO DR BEATTIE.

Fulham House, 25th June, 1794.

"I have the pleasure of inclosing to you a letter from my friend, Lady Cremorne, who writes to thank you for the very great pleasure she has received from the perusal of your son's 'Life,' and the English part of his works. To her acknowledgments I must add my own and Mrs Porteus's, who are both of us no less delighted with this publication. Among the Latin poems, I am particularly pleased with the 'Translation of the Messiah.' In the 'Life' you have written of him, you have erected a lasting monument to him and to yourself. It will for ever remain a striking proof of his learning, genius, piety, benevolence,

and goodness of heart; and of your paternal tenderness, sensibility, and attachment, to a son, so worthy of your affection. I lament greatly, that his uncommon diffidence, modesty, and reserve, when he was with us at Hunton, prevented us from knowing so much of his true character, and from testifying so strong a sense of it as we ought to have done.

"There is something very ingenious and pleasing in the method you took to give him the first idea of a Supreme Being. It has all the imagination of Rousseau, without his folly and extravagance. I make no doubt that the deep impression this incident left on his mind, was the true ground-work of that sublime sense of piety which afterwards animated his whole conduct.*

* The passage here alluded to, in the 'Account of his Son's Life,' is as follows:

"The first rules of morality I taught him were, to speak truth, and keep a secret; and I never found that in a single instance he transgressed either.

"The doctrines of religion I wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them; but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences, which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of God. The

"The sources from whence you received your information respecting the West Indies, seem ve-

following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him, (for I have no doubt that most children would in like circumstances think as he did,) but merely as a moral or logical experiment.

"He had reached his fifth (or sixth) year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being: because I thought he could not yet understand such information; and because I had learned, from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind.' In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name; and sowing garden-cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me, that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. "Yes," said I carelessly, on coming to the place, "I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth no-"tice; it is mere chance:" and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said, with some earnestness, "It "could not be mere chance; for that somebody must have con-"trived matters so as to produce it."—I pretend not to give his words, or my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood.—"So you think," I said, "that what appears "so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance." "Yes," said he, with firmness, "I think so." "Look at your-"self," I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, your "legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their

ry sufficient to justify what you have said. 'I am now looking out for missionaries and school-masters to send to that country; and if you know any young man that would be a proper person for either of those occupations, please to inform me. His character must be irreproachable; and his piety and zeal, in the great cause of religion, must be fervent, yet tempered with discretion.

"The last news from Flanders are very dispiriting.* The numbers of the French are so great, that it seems to me impossible for all the powers of Europe to withstand them. When I look on-

"appearance, and useful to you?" He said, "they were." "Came "you then hither," said I, "by chance?" "No," he answered, "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who "is that something?" I asked. He said, "He did not know." (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at: and saw, that his reason taught him (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it."

* This was during the course of the war in that country, in which Great Britain was then engaged.

ly to human means, and the common course of affairs, I totally despair. But I trust that God, who has so often interposed in our favour, will once more rescue us from that torrent of anarchy, confusion, infidelity, and misery, which seem ready to overwhelm us. And it is this hope alone which sustains my spirits, and supports my mind."

While Dr Beattie was thus suffering by the deplorable state of his own health, shattered by a long train of nervous complaints, originally brought on by too intense application to study, he was about to experience another domestic misfortune in the loss of his only surviving son, Montagu Beattie, who very unexpectedly died at Aberdeen on the 14th March, 1796, in the 18th year of his age, of a fever of only a week's continuance.

Ever since he lost his eldest son, this his second son had been the great object of his attention. The characters indeed of the two

young men were extremely different. The eldest was grave, studious, and reserved; the other was lively, and of popular manners; nor was he defective in genius, though far inferior to his elder brother in learning. His progress in science had not indeed been considerable; partly owing to bad health, which had prevented his regular attendance at school and college, and partly, perhaps, to his father's having kept him too much with himself: for he was always extremely dependent on the society, and even on the assistance, of his children. His friends used to think, too, that in his system of education, he erred on the score of personal indulgence: yet Montagu had suffered less in that respect than might have been supposed; for, as Dr Beattie had been so long in the habit of teaching, and as he bestowed all the time he could possibly spare on his son's instruction, he tells us himself in one of his letters, that scarce a day passed in which he did not give him a lesson of one sort or other; and he speaks of his progress in literature as by no means contemptible.

The care of this his youngest son's education, and the plans he was devising for his future establishment in the world, served to fill up his time

after he lost his eldest son, and proved a tie that continued to connect him with society. On this subject he and I had frequent conferences; in the course of which he informed me, that he had done me the honour to appoint me one of those friends to whom he had left the charge of his son, if we should survive him. He had therefore expressed himself to me on this interesting topic with uncommon energy and unreserve; and he had occasionally spoken of his intention to make his son a clergyman of the church of England; for which profession the youth himself showed some inclination. With such views and such prospects, Dr Beattie was pleased himself; when all at once they were destroyed by his son's unexpected death. Of that melancholy event he gives a most interesting and affecting account in the following letter.

LETTER CCXXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 14th March, 1796.

"Our plans relating to Montagu are all at an end. I am sorry to give you the pain of being informed, that he died this morning at five. His disorder was a fever, from which at first we had little apprehension; but it cut him off in five days. He himself thought from the beginning that it would be fatal; and, before the delirium came on, spoke with great composure and Christian piety of his approaching dissolution: he even gave some directions about his funeral. The delirium was very violent, and continued till within a few minutes of his death, when he was heard to repeat in a whisper the Lord's prayer, and began an unfinished sentence, of which nothing could be heard but the words *incorruptible glory*. Pious sentiments prevailed in his mind through life, and did not leave him till death; nor then I trust did they leave him. Notwithstanding the extreme violence of his fever, he seemed to suffer little

pain either in body or in mind, and as his end drew near, a smile settled upon his countenance. I need not tell you that he had every attention that skilful and affectionate physicians could bestow. I give you the trouble to notify this event to Mr Arbuthnot. I would have written to him, but have many things to mind, and but indifferent health. However, I heartily acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence, which are all good and wise. God bless you and your family.

"He will be much regretted; for wherever he went he was a very popular character."

The death of his only surviving child completely unhinged the mind of Dr Beattie, the first symptom of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary but almost total loss of memory respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs Glennie, "You may think it

"strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and "where he is?" She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness, that he had no child, saying, "How could I have borne to "see their elegant minds mangled with mad-"ness!" * When he looked for the last time on the dead body of his son, he said, "I have now "done with the world:" and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so. For he never applied himself to any sort of study, and answered but few of the letters he received from the friends whom he most valued. Yet the receiving a letter from an old friend never failed to put him in spirits for the rest of the day. Music, which had been his great delight, he could not endure, after the death of his eldest son, to hear from others; and he disliked his own favourite violoncello. A few months before Montagu's death, he did begin to play a little by way of accompaniment when Montagu sung: but after he lost him, when he was prevailed on to touch the violoncello, he was

* Alluding, no doubt, to their mother's melancholy situation.

always discontented with his own performance, and at last seemed to be unhappy when he heard it. The only enjoyment he seemed to have was in books, and the society of a very few old friends. It is impossible to read the melancholy picture which he draws of his own situation about this time, without dropping a tear of pity over the sorrows and the sufferings of so good a man thus severely visited by affliction, who at the same time was bearing the rod of divine chastisement with the utmost patience and resignation.

LETTER CCXXXII.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO DR BEATTIE.

London-house, 23d March, 1796.

"I can scarce recollect a time when I have been more surprised and afflicted than at the receipt of your last letter. It is indeed a sad and most dismal event; and both Mrs Porteus and myself most cordially sympathise with you in your loss and in your grief. At the same time, there are circumstances in the case, which give no small consolation to our minds. The faith,

the piety, the fortitude, displayed by so young a man on so awful an occasion, do infinite credit to him, and must afford the highest satisfaction to you. And it is with no less pleasure I observe the composure and resignation with which you support this great calamity. It shows in the strongest light the power of Christian principle over the mind; and it shows also from what source this excellent and amiable young man derived those virtues, which adorned his short life, and dignified his premature death.

"But I will dwell no longer on this melancholy subject; nor will I at present obtrude any trifling matters on your serious moments. When time has a little lightened the pressure of this affliction, I will write to you again; and, in the meanwhile, implore for you all the comforts of religion."

LETTER CCXXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 10th April, 1796.

"I wished to answer your kind letter as soon as I received it, or as soon after as possible; but the very interesting and painful suspense I was kept in by Dr Campbell's illness, disqualified me for writing, and every thing else. His illness was so violent, that, considering his age and enfeebled state, and some other disorders which I knew he was afflicted with, I did not at first imagine that he could live two days. To the surprise of every body, however, he held out almost a week, though unable to speak, and for a great part of the time delirious. His death at last was easy, and he died as he had lived, a sincere Christian: we yesterday paid our last duties to his remains. He and I were intimate friends for about thirty-eight years, without any interval of coldness or dissatisfaction. His instructive and cheerful conversation was one of the greatest blessings of my life, and I shall cherish the remembrance of it,

with gratitude to the Giver of all good, as long as I live.

"His death was looked for, and by himself much desired. Montagu's came upon me in a different manner. His delirium, which was extremely violent, ended in a state of such apparent tranquillity, that I was congratulating myself on the danger being over, at the very time when Dr ***** came, and told me, in his own name, and in that of the other two physicians that attended Montagu, that he could not live many hours: this was at eleven at night, and he died at five next morning. I hope I am resigned, as my duty requires, and as I wish to be; but I have passed many a bitter hour, though on those occasions nobody sees me. I fear my reason is a little disordered, for I have sometimes thought of late, especially in a morning, that Montagu is not dead, though I seem to have a remembrance of a dream that he is. This you will say, what I myself believe, is a symptom not uncommon in cases similar to mine, and that I ought by all means to go from home as soon as I can. I will do so when the weather becomes tolerable. Inclination would draw me to Peterhead; but the intolerable road forbids it, and I believe I must

go southward, where the roads are very good: at least I hear so.

"Being now childless, by the will of Providence, (in which I trust I acquiesce,) I have made a new settlement in my small affairs; the only particular of which that needs to be mentioned at present is, that the organ, built by my eldest son and you, is now yours.

"I am much obliged to the kind friends who sympathise with me. Montagu was indeed very popular wherever he went. His death was calm, resigned, and unaffectedly pious; he thought himself dying from the first attack of his illness. "I could wish," said he, "to live to be old, but "am neither afraid nor unwilling to die."

LETTER CCXXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 17th April, 1796.

"I have been these many days resolving to write to you and Mr Arbuthnot, to thank you for your very kind and sympathetic letters, but various things have come in my way to prevent

it. I need not pretend a hurry of business, for every body knows I am not capable of any. A deep gloom hangs upon me, and disables all my faculties; and thoughts so strange sometimes occur to me, as to make me "fear that I am not," as Lear says, "in my perfect mind." But I thank God I am entirely resigned to the divine will; and, though I am now childless, I have friends whose goodness to me, and other virtues, I find great comfort in recollecting. The physicians not only advise but intreat, and indeed command me, to go from home, and that without further delay: and I do seriously resolve to set out for Edinburgh to-morrow. As I shall travel slowly, it will perhaps be a week or more before I see you. At another time, and in different circumstances, I should have had much to say on the loss of our friend, Dr Campbell; but that subject, as well as some others, I must defer till we meet."

LETTER CCXXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 17th April, 1796.

"I thank you most cordially for your letter, so full of kindness and sympathy, and by consequence of comfort, to my bewildered mind. I trust, that in resignation to the will of the supremely wise and good Disposer of all events, I am not deficient; but my frailties are many, and I cannot yet counteract the pressure that bears so hard upon me. Time and recollection will, I hope, give some strength to my faculties, and restore to me the power of commanding my thoughts. The physicians, who see how it is with me, not only advise but command me to go from home, without further delay: and I intend to begin to-morrow, to try at least what I can do in the way of travelling. My first course will be towards Edinburgh, where I shall stay two or three weeks; and if I find I am able, I shall probably after that go a little way into

England: but whether I shall find it advisable to proceed as far as London, I cannot as yet determine.

"My son Montagu sleeps in his brother's grave; the depth of which allows sufficient room for both. The inscription I have enlarged a little, and inclose a copy: its only merit is its simplicity and truth.

MONTAGU. BEATTIE.
Jacobi. Hay. Beattie. Frater.
Ejusque. Virtutum. et. Studiorum.
Æmulus.
Sepulchrique. Consors.
Variarum. Peritus. Artium.
Pingendi. imprimis.
Natus. Octavo. Julii. MDCCLXXVIII.
Multum. Defletus. Obiit.
Decimo. Quarto. Martii. MDCCXCVI.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 9th February, 1797.

"If I could have said any thing that would mitigate your grief for the loss of a most deserving son,* your own heart will testify for me that I would not have been so long silent. But I have had too much experience not to know, that the only sources of comfort, in a case of this kind, are submission to the Divine Will, aided by the slow and silent operation of time. God grant that these may be effectual for the alleviation of your sorrow! Think on the many other blessings you enjoy; and think that the most enviable of all deaths is that which we now bewail, an honourable death in the service of our country. I beg leave to offer my best wishes and sympathy to Mrs Arbuthnot and the rest of your family; and shall be happy to hear, that you and they are as well as it is reasonable to expect.

* A very deserving officer of artillery, who died at this time in the West Indies.

" I sometimes make an excursion to Major Mercer's, which is the only sort of visit I ever attempt; and he and I are, I hope, beneficial to each other; though his affliction is, I fear, in some respects, heavier than either yours or mine. Alas! how many things occur in this world, which are worse than death!"

The following letter to Mr Fraser Tytler, now Lord Woodhouselee,* in return for a present which that gentleman had made him of a new edition of his elegant and excellent 'Essay on Translation,' is written with more of Dr Beattie's former manner, than any I have met with of his, after the death of his youngest son. It does no more than justice to the merit of the 'Essay on Translation;' and it is curious, as containing an account and a specimen of a work not frequently to be met with.

* See Appendix [F.]

LETTER CCXXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO ALEX. FRASER TYTLER, ESQ. NOW LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

Aberdeen, 15th May, 1797.

"Ever since March I have been, as I still am, in a great degree, crippled both in my legs and arms by rheumatism, which has been very painful, and is likely to be not less durable. This made me, from time to time, defer attempting to thank you for the much-esteemed present of the new edition of your 'Principles of Translation.' As yet I have read it only once; but I read it with much attention, and great pleasure, as well as instruction. I am astonished at the variety of your examples, which prove that you must have thought long and deeply on the subject; and I am convinced that your work will be very acceptable to the learned world, and very useful. Great taste, as well as learning, appears in every part of it. I must thank you, in particular, for the very favourable manner in which I have the honour to be quoted in it; for your very elegant

compliment to my son I have thanked you, and I still thank you, with my tears. Had he lived to see your book, I know it would have given him much pleasure; for I have often heard him speak on the subject, and in terms which perfectly coincided with your sentiments.

"A judicious critic every body must acknowledge you to be, and yet you are very merciful, especially to Cowley and Dryden. This last frequently burlesques Virgil: whether he intended it, I know not; if he did not intend it, he must have been very little of a scholar. But who is equal to the task of translating Virgil? Nobody, I will venture to say, will ever attempt such a task, who is equal to it. I formerly attempted some parts of him; but it was at a time when I understood him very superficially indeed.*

"There is one translation which I greatly admire, but am sure you never saw, as you have not mentioned it: the book is indeed very rare; I obtained it, with difficulty, by the friendship of Tom Davies, an old English bookseller; I

* Alluding to his translations of the Pastorals of Virgil, printed in the first edition of Dr Beattie's Poems, but never re-published. See Vol. I. p. 66; and Appendix [K.]

mean, Dobson's 'Paradisus Amissus;' my son studied, and I believe read every line of it. It is more true to the original, both in sense and in spirit, than any other poetical version of length that I have seen. The author must have had an amazing command of Latin phraseology, and a very nice ear in harmony. I shall give you a passage, I need not say from what part of the poem:

"*Dixerat; et laetis aicta auribus hausit Adamus,*
"*At nil respondit; namque ollis maximus hospes*
"*Jam propior stetit; adversique a culmine montis*
"*Flammea præscriptam stationem adiere cherubim*
"*Agmina, suspensis per humum labentia plantis.*
"*Ut nebula, ex fluviis se effundens vespere sero,*
"*Pervolitat densas liquido pede lapsa paludes,*
"*Agricolamque premit reducem, calcemque suburget.*
"*Undantes a fronte faces sublime vibratus*
"*Numinis evomuit gladius, ceu crine cometa*
"*Terribile lugubre rubens, cœlique benignam*
"*Temperiem invertit: torrenti incanduit atrox*
"*Igne vapor, quantus sitientibus incubat Afris.*
"*Corripit inde manu nostros utraque parentes*
"*Nuntius, increpitatque moras; portamque ad eoam*
"*Ducit agens, celsâque iterum de rupe jacentem*
"*Ocius in campum; tenues dein fugit in auras.*
"*Convertere oculos; luteque plagas Paradisi*
"*Eoas, sua tam nuper lætissima rura,*
"*Flammivomo mucrone vident ardescere; formisque*
"*Obsessam horrificis portam, et flagrantibus armis.*

" Naturæ imperio lacrimas misere, repente
" Detersas: Patuit spatiosis tractibus orbis
" Terrarum, requiem optatam dulcesque recessus
" Quà peterent sibi cunque loca;-et Deus adfuit auspex
" Tum vaga, lentaque, ducentes vestigia, palmis
" Connexis, solos Edeni abiere per agros."

" There are perhaps in this quotation two or three words which might have been better, and I am far from thinking the work faultless; but when there is so much excellence, cavilling is unseasonable.

" Being curious to know some particulars of Dobson, I enquired of him at Johnson, who owned he had known him, but did not seem inclined to speak on the subject. But Johnson hated Milton from his heart; and he wished to be himself considered as a good Latin poet, which however he never was, as may be seen by his translation of Pope's 'Messiah.' All that I could ever hear of Dobson's private life was, that in his old age he was given to drinking. My edition of his book is dated 1750. It is dedicated to Mr Benson, who was a famous admirer of Milton; and from the dedication it would seem to have been written at his desire and under his patronage."

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 5th June, 1798.

"You would have heard from me long ago, if it had been in my power to write; but my complaints, which seem to grow worse every day, are now so bad, that I can do nothing. My vertigo, the greatest of them all, is now so violent, that I am for a great part of the day unable to go down stairs; my sight is much impaired; I cannot attend to what I read, and I forget almost every thing that I see or hear.

"I have been trying to play a little on the violoncello, but my fingers have not strength to press down the strings. I will send you, when I get an opportunity, a little treatise, by a man, proposing an improvement in the art of music. He wishes, like some other writers, to reduce all music to simple melody: a doctrine which old admirers of Corelli, like you and me, will never acquiesce in. It is the violin which he proposes to improve, by a method, which, in my opinion,

would ruin that instrument. He thinks music an imitative art; and that a tune, which he calls the *Cameronian Rant*, is an exact resemblance of two women scolding. Mr Glennie plays the tune, which seems to me to be nothing but confusion and barbarism, and to bear no resemblance to any thing in art or nature. Lord Monboddo, another adherent to the imitative notion, says, the only true music he ever heard, is the thing called the *Hen's March;* which no man, who deserves to have ears in his head, would allow to be music at all.

"I have just seen a new edition, by Dr Joseph Warton, of the works of Pope. It is fuller than Warburton's; but you will not think it better, when I tell you, that all Pope's obscenities, which Warburton was careful to omit, are carefully preserved by Warton, who also seems to have a great favour for infidel writers, particularly Voltaire. The book is well printed, but has no cuts, except a curious caricature of Pope's person, and an elegant profile of his head."

LETTER CCXXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 3d August, 1798.

"I am acquainted with many parts of your excursion through the north of England, and very glad that you had my old friend Mr Gray's 'Letters' with you, which are indeed so well written, that I have no scruple to pronounce them the best letters that have been printed in our language. Lady Mary Montagu's 'Letters' are not without merit, but are too artificial and affected to be confided in as true; and Lord Chesterfield's have much greater faults, indeed some of the greatest that letters can have: but Gray's letters are always sensible, and of classical conciseness and perspicuity. They very much resemble what his conversation was. He had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet; and though on those and all other subjects he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was, in general company, much more silent than one could have wished.

"Have you seen Mr Pinkerton's new 'History of the James's of Scotland?' The author, with whom I was acquainted in London about fifteen years ago, has sent me a copy of it, but my dizzy head will not yet permit me to read it. He is a Scotchman, and speaks with a strong Edinburgh accent, at least he did so formerly. There are two quartos, with a striking likeness of the author prefixed. He seems to abound too much in our new-fashioned English; but I cannot yet take it upon me to criticise his work."

In the following letter he evinces the same warmth of affection as ever for his friends, by the manner in which he laments the death of Mrs Montagu; although the intelligence he had received of that event proved to be a mistake, as that lady did not die till the year following.

LETTER CCXL.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 7th March, 1799.

"I have just now heard, by the post of this day, a piece of news that affects me very much, the death of my excellent friend Mrs Montagu. Her age was not less than fourscore, so that on this point she is not to be regretted. But many people depended on her; and to me, on all occasions, ever since 1771, when I first became acquainted with her, she has been a faithful and affectionate friend, especially in seasons of distress and difficulty. You will not wonder, then, that her death afflicts me. For some years past a failure in her eyes had made writing very painful to her; but for not less than twenty years she was my punctual correspondent. She was greatly attached to Montagu, who received his name from her, and not less interested in my other son, and in every thing that related to my family. I need not tell you what an excellent writer she was: you must have seen her book on Shake-

speare, as compared with the Greek and French dramatic writers. I have known several ladies eminent in literature, but she excelled them all; and in conversation she had more *wit* than any other person, male or female, whom I have ever known. These, however, were her slighter accomplishments: what was infinitely more to her honour, she was a sincere Christian, both in faith and in practice, and took every proper opportunity to show it; so that by her example and influence she did much good. I knew her husband, who died in extreme old age, in the year 1775, and by her desire had conferences with him on the subject of Christianity; but, to her great concern, he set too much value on mathematical evidence, and piqued himself too much on his knowledge in that science. He took it into his head, too, that I was a mathematician, though I was at a great deal of pains to convince him of the contrary."

Dr Beattie's sufferings were now drawing to a conclusion. In the beginning of April, 1799, he

had a stroke of palsy, which for eight days so affected his speech, that he could not make himself understood, and even forgot some of the most material words of every sentence. At different periods after this, he had several returns of the same afflicting malady. The last took place on the 5th October, 1802. It deprived him altogether of the power of motion; and in that humiliating situation, I saw him for the last time in the month of June, 1803.

He continued to languish in this melancholy condition till nine o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 18th of August, 1803, when it pleased the Almighty to remove him from this world to a better, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, without any pain or apparent struggle. For some weeks preceding, his remaining strength had declined rapidly, and his appetite entirely left him; but he seemed not to suffer, and at last he expired as if falling asleep.

His remains were deposited, according to his own desire,* beside those of his two sons, in the church-yard of St Nicholas at Aberdeen. The spot is marked by the following elegant and clas-

* See Vol. I. p. 25; and supra, p. 97.

sical inscription, written by his friend the present Dr James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh:

Memoriæ. Sacrum.
JACOBI. BEATTIE. LL. D.
Ethices.
In. Academia. Marescallana. hujus. Urbis.
Per. XLIII. Annos.
Professoris. Meretissimi.
Viri.
Pietate. Probitate. Ingenio. atque. Doctrina.
Præstantis.
Scriptoris. Elegantissimi. Poetæ. Suavissimi.
Philosophi. Vere. Christiani.
Natus. est. V. Nov. Anno. MDCCXXXV.
Obiit. XVIII. Aug. MDCCCIII.
Omnibus. Liberis. Orbus.
Quorum. Natu. Maximus. JACOBUS. HAY. BEATTIE.
Vel. a. Puerilibus. Annis.
Patrio. Vigens. Ingenio.
Novumque. Decus. Jam. Addens. Paterno.
Suis. Carissimus. Patriæ. Flebilis.
Lenta. Tabe. Consumptus. Periit.
Anno. Ætatis. XXIII.
GEO. ET MAR. GLENNIE.
H. M. P.

They who have perused, with any degree of attention, the preceding narrative of the Life of Dr Beattie, and his letters to his friends, will not require much to be said to give them a sufficient idea of his character.

That he was a poet and philosopher of real and original genius, his writings, in the possession of the public, are the strongest testimonies. The sweetness and harmony of his numbers, the richness of his fancy, and the strictness of moral inculcated in his poetical compositions, are such as will long secure to him a high degree of reputation. His best and most valuable poem is his 'Minstrel;' in the delineation of whose character it is generally, and I believe with truth, understood that he depicted his own.

His Essays on 'Poetry and Music,' on 'Memory and Imagination,' on 'Fable and Romance,' 'The Theory of Language,' and some others, are strongly calculated to give pleasure, as well as instruction, to every enlightened and cultivated understanding; and do equal credit to the elegance of Dr Beattie's taste, and the cor-

rectness of his judgment. Eminently skilled in the languages of antiquity, he had formed that taste, and matured that judgment, on the purest models of Greek and Roman literature. He had studied, also, with attention, the most classical compositions in our own language. Nor was he unacquainted with the works of the celebrated authors of France and Italy. His memory was uncommonly strong, and his knowledge of books was extensive; so that to him might, without impropriety, be applied, what Johnson says of his friend Gilbert Walmsley; "His studies had been "so various, that I am not able to name a man "of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with "books was great; and what he did not imme- "diately know, he could at least tell where to "find." What Johnson likewise says of his obligations to Walmsley, I may, with equal truth, apply to myself in respect to Dr Beattie; "Such "was his amplitude of learning, and such his "copiousness of communication, that it may be "doubted, whether a day now passes in which "I have not some advantage from his friend- "ship."*

* Johnson's 'Lives of the English Poets,' Vol. III. p. 36. Life of Smith.

There were, indeed, few branches of science with which he was not in some degree conversant, except mathematics, geometry, and mechanics; for which he used to say, he not only had no turn, but that every application to them brought on his headachs. His chief acquirements were in moral science. In religion, his favourite books, besides the English Liturgy,* were Butler, Clarke, Secker, Porteus. Of the classics, Homer, Horace, Cæsar, and, above all, Virgil.

His prose-writings were far from being calculated merely to amuse the fancy and delight the imagination; they were admirably fitted to improve and mend the heart. Of his celebrated 'Essay on Truth,' which laid the foundation of his fame as an author, an analysis will be found in the Appendix.† In that essay, as has been

* It is deserving of notice, that although Dr Beattie had been brought up a member of the presbyterian church of Scotland, and regularly attended her worship and ordinances when at Aberdeen, he yet gave the most decided preference to the church of England, generally attending the service of that church when any where from home, and constantly when at Peterhead. He spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty, simplicity, and energy, of the English liturgy, especially of the Litany, which he declared to be the finest piece of uninspired composition in any language.

† Appendix [Y.]

shown by his correspondence with his philosophical friends, it was his professed aim to combat the fashionable philosophy of the sceptics of his day; and it may be said, I believe with justice, that this work of Dr Beattie's did much towards bringing that philosophy into the discredit in which it is now sunk.

Of his 'Evidences of Christianity,'* mention has already been made; and it is perhaps the most popular, as it is certainly among the most useful, of his prose-writings.

As a teacher of ethics, some idea may be formed of his abilities, as well as of his system, from his 'Elements of Moral Science,' which, it has been seen,† he published originally for the use of his pupils, but which may be perused with advantage by every one who wishes to gain some knowledge of the subject, without toiling through elaborate systems of moral philosophy. Those, however, who had the benefit of his tuition, can best tell of his merit as an instructor of youth. Some of them I have heard expatiate with delight, on the unwearied pains he bestowed, not by the mere formal delivery of a lecture, but by

* Vol. II. p. 385. † Supra, p. 116.

the continued course he pursued of examination and repetition, to imprint the precepts of philosophy and religion on the minds of the youth committed to his charge.* As a professor, not his

* I have been enabled to give the following interesting and satisfactory account of his mode of teaching, by two gentlemen who had been his pupils, to whom I applied for that purpose, and who, without any mutual communication, furnished me with the substance of the following detail, nearly in similar words.

The ordinary session, or term of teaching, commences in Marischal College on the first day of November, and ends the first week of April. During that term, the Professor of Moral Philosophy teaches in his class three hours every week-day, viz. at eight o'clock in the morning, at eleven in the forenoon, and at three in the afternoon, except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when there is no teaching in the afternoon. Dr Beattie began his Course of Prelections with 'Cicero de Officiis.' Of that excellent treatise, he generally made his students carefully read and translate a part every day, at the hour of meeting in the morning. On the passage then read, the Professor commented at the next hour of meeting, comparing it with the other systems of the ancient Heathen philosophers. He also, from time to time, examined them on the subject of these lectures; and at the end of this introductory course, he dictated to them an abstract of the whole, which they committed to writing in the class. §

He then entered on the study of *Pneumatology*, subdivided into *Psychology* and *Natural Theology*, *Speculative* and *Practical Ethics*, *Œconomics*, *Jurisprudence*, *Politics*, *Rhetoric*, and *Logic*: of all which branches of philosophy, he, in the same manner,

§ See supra, p. 117.

own class only, but the whole body of students at the university, looked up to him with esteem and veneration. The profound piety of the public prayers, with which he began the business of

dictated in the morning an abstract; on which, as on a text-book, he commented at his lectures in the forenoon and afternoon, in the clearest, most lively, and most engaging manner; examining his pupils, as he went along, on the attention they had paid to, and the benefit they had derived from, his lectures. At first he was wont to dictate the abstract of his prelections in Latin, from which his pupils, who were tolerable proficients in classical learning, derived much advantage; as they acquired thereby the habit of speaking and writing that language more readily than they had been accustomed to. But as many of his students were far from being masters of Latin, which he himself spoke and wrote with great fluency, he found it necessary to discontinue this practice, and to dictate the abstract of his whole course in English. After the publication of the 'Elements of Moral Science,' which comprehended the whole of this abstract, it became unnecessary for him to spend, as formerly, one hour each day in dictating notes to his students. He continued, however, in reading the Greek and Latin classics, to make them translate as literally as the genius of the English language would permit; which, in his opinion, was not at all incompatible with that intelligence and taste, wherewith even a philosopher peruses those excellent originals, when he wishes to enter fully into their beauties, and duly to estimate their respective and various merits. The accuracy of this account of Dr Beattie's method of teaching, may be ascertained, by comparing it with the 'Elements of Moral Science,' or even with that part of the Diary already mentioned, of which a *fac simile* will be found in the Appendix, [E.]

each day, arrested the attention of the youngest and most thoughtless: the excellence of his moral character, his gravity blended with cheerfulness, his strictness joined with gentleness, his favour to the virtuous and diligent, and even the mildness of his reproofs to those who were less attentive, rendered him the object of their respect and admiration. Never was more exact discipline preserved than in his class, nor ever any where by more gentle means. His sway was absolute, because it was founded in reason and affection. He never employed a harsh epithet in finding fault with any of his pupils; and when, instead of a rebuke, which they were conscious they deserved, they met merely with a mild reproof, it was conveyed in such a manner, as to throw not only the delinquent, but sometimes the whole class, into tears. To gain his favour was the highest ambition of every student; and the gentlest word of disapprobation was a punishment, to avoid which, no exertion was deemed too much.

His great object was not merely to make his pupils philosophers, but to render them good men, pious Christians, loyal to their King, and attached to the British Constitution; pure in

morals, happy in the consciousness of a right conduct, and friends to all mankind.

Nor did he confine his care of his students solely to their instruction while they attended his course of lectures. It was his peculiar delight to assist them in finding situations for their future establishment in life; which he had it often in his power to promote, by being frequently applied to by parents and others to procure for them schoolmasters and teachers, whom his knowledge of the genius and abilities of the young men, who had been his pupils, peculiarly enabled him to discover and recommend.*

No stronger proof need be required of the high degree of estimation in which Dr Beattie's talents and virtues were held by men of learning, both at home and abroad, than his having been spontaneously elected an honorary member of the following Societies: 'The Zealand Society of

* In perusing the voluminous collection of letters which he had received, it was extremely pleasing to find so great a number from young men in different parts of the world, particularly America and the West Indies, who had attended his lectures; all of them expressing their gratitude for the benefit they had reaped from his tuition, and some of them for the advantageous situations they had obtained through his means.

'Sciences;'* 'The American Philosophical So-'ciety at Philadelphia;' 'The Literary and Phi-'losophical Society of Manchester.' Dr Beattie was also a Fellow of 'The Royal Society of 'Edinburgh.'

The style of his lectures may be judged of by that of the compositions which he has given to the world: and in both cases the best quality of it was, that it was the style of a man who spoke and wrote in "simplicity and in earnest."† The language in which he was to write, he studied profoundly. He has himself said, that the qualities at which he chiefly aimed were perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance; and knowing how well these were attainable by the genuine purity of the English language, he was a decided enemy to all innovations in writing, by the introduction of new words and affected phraseology. Of all our English writers, Addison was the author whom he most admired; whose style, therefore, he most carefully studied, and which he adopted as his model in composition. In his earlier writings the effect of this admiration is visible: but after-

* The 'Essay on Truth,' very soon after its publication, had been translated in Holland into the Dutch language.

† Bishop Butler's preface to his Sermons.

wards, when success had taught him a little more confidence in his own powers, he seems occasionally to lose sight of his model, and to break forth into a fulness of expression, which reminds us of the force and freedom of the prefaces of Dryden. One undoubted excellence of his style is its variety, its power of expressing whatever he thought or felt, and of communicating to the reader the same thoughts and the same sentiments. On moral subjects, it is grave and manly: on subjects of science and philosophy, it is pure and perspicuous to a degree that has been seldom equalled: but on subjects where his heart or his imagination are interested, it rises to greater richness and elevation, and abounds in those delicate but undefineable touches of fancy and of feeling, which characterise the works of the masters in composition, and which are never attainable by ordinary writers. Yet in thus aiming at simplicity, he was far from losing sight of sublimity of diction, of which many striking instances in his prose-writings will occur to every attentive reader.*

* I need only instance here, his Reflections on the Contemplation of the Works of Nature;* on National Music;† the De-

* Essay on Poetry and Music, p. 369, 370, 390. † Ibid. p. 474.

Throughout the whole course of his life, Dr Beattie was most exemplary in the discharge of the relative duties of a son, a brother, a husband, a father, and a friend. Of his conduct towards his unhappy wife, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high commendation. It has already been mentioned,* that Mrs Beattie had the misfortune to inherit from her mother, that most dreadful of all human ills, a distempered imagination, which, in a very few years after their marriage, showed itself in caprices and folly, that embittered every hour of his life, while he strove at first to conceal her disorder from the world, and, if possible, as he has been heard to

scription of the Highlands and Southern Provinces of Scotland;‡ on Personification;§ his Comparison of the Writings and Genius of Dryden and Pope;‖ the Character of Swift;¶ the Discrimination of the Characters of Homer's and Virgil's Heroes;** Strictures on Gray's Ode.†† On reading these, and many similar passages in his works, I have been often disposed to apply to him the exquisite praise which Cowley bestows on a much inferior writer:

> "His candid style like a clear stream does flow;
> "And his bright fancy all the way
> "Does, like the sun-shine, on it play."
>
> COWLEY'S *Ode on the Royal Society.*

* Vol. I. p. 137.

‡ Essay on Poetry and Music, p. 479—483.
§ Ibid. p. 548.
‖ Ibid. p. 358.
¶ Ibid. p. 378, 379.
** Ibid. 393—416.
†† Ibid. p. 559.

say, to conceal it even from himself; till at last from whim, and caprice, and melancholy, it broke out into downright insanity, which rendered her seclusion from society absolutely necessary. During every stage of her illness, he watched and cherished her with the utmost tenderness and care; using every means at first, that medicine could furnish, for her recovery, and afterwards, when her condition was found to be perfectly hopeless, procuring for her every accommodation and comfort that could tend to alleviate her sufferings.* When I reflect on the many sleepless nights and anxious days, which he experienced from Mrs Beattie's malady, and think of the unwearied and unremitting attention he paid to her, during so great a number of years, in that sad situation, his character is exalted in my mind to a degree which may be equalled, but I am sure never can be excelled, and makes the fame of the poet and the philosopher fade from my remembrance.

* Of this last part of Dr Beattie's conduct, I am fully able to speak from my own personal knowledge; as, during several years, I had the sole charge of her and her concerns, while she resided at no great distance from Edinburgh. She still survives him in the same melancholy condition.

The strictness and regularity of Dr Beattie's piety was shown, not merely by a regular attendance, while his health permitted, on the public ordinances of religion, but by the more certain and unequivocal testimony of private devotion. I have been informed by his niece, Mrs Glennie, that after he had retired at night to his chamber, she frequently overheard his voice rendered audible in the ardour of prayer. And she has also told me, that even throughout the day, when she knew his spirits to be more than usually depressed, while he thought himself alone, she could occasionally perceive that he was offering up his orisons to Heaven with the utmost fervour. His pious resignation to the Divine Will, under some of the hardest trials that "flesh is heir to," was indeed but too severely proved during the greatest part of his life; but it is consoling to know, that it was not tried in vain.

Great tenderness of heart, and the keenest sensibility of soul, qualities very frequently the concomitants of genius, were eminently conspicuous in the character of Dr Beattie They rendered him "tremblingly alive" to the sorrows and the sufferings of others, and produced in him the warmest emotions of friendship, with an earnest

desire to perform every service in his power to all within his reach.

It must not be dissembled at the same time, that Dr Beattie was not altogether free from prejudices: but they were most commonly prejudices of an amiable kind. He loved virtue wherever he found it; and as he had the happiness of numbering among his friends some of the best and most accomplished characters of the age in which he lived, he returned their kindness with ardour and enthusiasm. If there was an affection of his nature more strong than any other, it was that of gratitude. To those, therefore, who had spontaneously undertaken to promote his interest, he thought he never could declare too strongly the sense he entertained of their kindness. This sentiment, which on every occasion he proclaimed so loudly, he did not confine to mere expressions of gratitude for favours conferred on him: it led him to form a judgment even of their writings, if they were literary characters, which could not but be considered as sometimes a good deal exaggerated. In the same manner, instances might be produced, where he had carried antipathies to particular persons, and to their writings, somewhat beyond

the measure of due discretion. In both cases, however, it was very readily allowed, that he never uttered a syllable, either of commendation or dislike, which he himself did not believe to be perfectly well-founded.

It is a curious circumstance, that although, when at school and college, he had been admired and loved by his companions for his mild and gentle disposition, it was remarked by his most intimate friends, at a more advanced period of life, that he had become not a little irritable by a continued application to metaphysical controversy. This habit, however, respected authors rather than men; and as it gave little or no disturbance to those around him, was easily overlooked by his friends, in the multitude of his amiable qualities, and was often rather a subject of pleasantry to them than otherwise.

In his disposition he was humane and charitable. And it has been told of him by his family, that no suppliant, to his knowledge, ever went from his door unsatisfied.

I have already remarked, that he was a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature; delighting to walk out into the fields, sometimes in the company of a friend, but more frequently

by himself, either when oppressed by those violent headachs, to which he had been subject from his youth, or when struggling under the weight of domestic affliction. In those solitary walks it was, that he was wont to indulge in silent and profound meditation on the studies in which he was engaged. In committing his thoughts to paper, afterwards, he was laborious in the extreme; very rarely making use of an amanuensis, but constantly and repeatedly transcribing his works in his correct, neat, and beautiful hand-writing.

Dr Beattie was fond of society; and while Mrs Beattie's health permitted her to appear, he saw a good deal of company, and much enjoyed the pleasure of having his friends with him at his table, chiefly at dinner, except when he had musical parties at night. But he had a great dislike to cards, which, however, he expressed in the gentlest manner, by saying, with much good humour, that he never had capacity sufficient to learn any game. To chess he had a real aversion; as occasioning, in his opinion, a great waste of time, and requiring an useless application of thought.

His conversation on moral and literary subjects was in the highest degree instructive and entertaining; and so much was his company valued and sought after, that, in his best days, he was not able to comply with half the invitations he received from persons eminent for their rank, character, and learning. In the midst of a select party of his private friends, and in his little domestic circle, he was uncommonly cheerful, animated, and pleasant; indulging himself in frequent sallies of playful but innocent mirth. He was even fond of the amusement of a pun; in which, however, it must be confessed, he was not always very successful. He wished, indeed, to be thought to possess a certain degree of wit and humour, especially when in company with some of our mutual friends, such as Major Mercer and Mr Arbuthnot, who were endowed with more of these qualities than almost any men I ever knew; but in which Dr Beattie followed them "*haud* "*passibus equis.*"

His mornings, during the winter season of the university, were chiefly employed in attendance on his class, and in taking the exercise necessary for his health, sometimes on horseback, but more frequently on foot, for he took particular delight

in walking. The evening, when not engaged with company, was his time for serious study: but after supper, he dedicated his hours to the amusement of his family, by reading aloud such books of entertainment as came occasionally in his way, or in social conversation; and to the young people around him he was always exceedingly indulgent. During the summer, as he was not engaged with the business of the college, he could afford to devote more of his hours to study; yet still he dedicated a considerable portion of his time to exercise, and to the society of his friends. As an exercise, he was fond of archery, and used it long enough to arrive at some dexterity in the practice, until he grew so corpulent that it fatigued him, and this obliged him to lay it aside.

Although Dr Beattie's acquaintance in early life had been of the humblest sort, and even after his removal from the parochial school of Fordoun to Aberdeen, had been of a rank very inferior to that in which he came afterwards to be introduced, yet he showed no awkwardness of behaviour in the most exalted and polished circles. And it must be recorded to his praise, that notwithstanding he had been caressed by the great and

the learned in England, in a degree beyond most authors of his day, he returned to his native country unspoiled by prosperity, and as humble and unassuming in his manners as he had left it.

To a very correct and refined taste in judging of poetry, painting, and music, he added the rare accomplishment of some actual practice in each. Of his skill in poetical composition, enough has been already said. Of music, he was remarkably fond. He loved all kinds of good music, but especially that of the old school, and the simple but enchanting melodies of our own country. His favourite masters were Corelli, Handel, Purcel, Pergolese, Geminiani, Avison, Jackson. He not only understood the theory of music, but he occasionally amused himself by composing basses and second parts to some of his favourite airs. He was delighted with the organ, on which he often played simple harmonies; and he performed with taste and expression on the violoncello. He sung a little; but his voice was loud, and deficient in mellowness. In his best days, he was a regular attendant, and an useful director of the weekly concert at Aberdeen, where he was generally at the same time a

performer on the violoncello.* In the other sister art of painting, he excelled in drawing grotesque figures, and caricatures of striking resemblance; although in this last talent, he very sparingly indulged himself, and at an early period of life laid it entirely aside. Once, in company with a few friends, he drew three or four of these for our amusement, as we sat at table, which I carried away with me, by his permission; and I presume they are the only specimens of his excellence in that species of design now existing. I believe I may say, that although I have known many who could practise two of the sister arts variously combined, such as poetry and music, or painting and poetry, Dr Beattie is the sole instance, of my own acquaintance at least, of a person who possessed the happy talent of being able to practise, with some success, in all the three.

* His musical entertainment was once unluckily suspended, by his accidentally cutting the tendon of the middle finger of the left-hand, so necessary in the use of that instrument. But in time he arrived at the dexterity of performing all the stops, readily and accurately, with the three remaining fingers. Although he ceased to perform any longer in public, he continued to amuse himself and his friends in private as before, until after the death of his sons.

It has been sometimes said, I believe, that Dr Beattie, in the latter part of his life, indulged rather too much in the use of wine. In one of his letters, he intimates, that he found it necessary as a medicine. "My health, (says he, writing "to Mr Arbuthnot,) for these ten days past, has "been declining very fast. With the present "pressure upon my mind, I should not be able "to sleep, if I did not use wine as an opiate. It "is less hurtful than laudanum, but not so effec- "tual." Wine used for this sad purpose, might sometimes possibly exceed its due limits. Had this really been the case, who would be much surprised, when it is considered, that, in the decline of his life, almost every day was embittered by the unfortunate derangement of his wife, by the loss of both his sons, by his own increasing maladies of body, and the deepening depression of his mind? Who would wonder, (though every one would lament,) if, under such extraordinary circumstances, recourse should sometimes be had to the cordial powers of wine to blunt the edge of pain, and deaden the sense of sufferings, too acute to be borne? Over failings arising from such sources as these, (even if they had been real,) the hand of pity and charity would draw

the veil of silence and oblivion: Yet I must solemnly declare, that although I have often seen him in the hours both of melancholy and gaiety, and although he has occasionally resided at our house for weeks together, I never once saw him so affected by it, as to be unfitted either for business or conversation.

In his person, Dr Beattie was of the middle size, though not elegantly, yet not awkwardly formed, but with something of a slouch in his gait. His eyes were black and piercing, with an expression of sensibility, somewhat bordering on melancholy, except when engaged in cheerful and social intercourse with his friends, when they were exceedingly animated. As he advanced in years, and became incapable of taking his usual degree of exercise, he grew corpulent and unwieldy, till within a few months of his death, when he had greatly decreased in size. When I last saw him, the diminution of his form was but too prophetic of the event that soon followed.

HERE I close my account of the Life of Dr Beattie; throughout the whole of which I am not conscious of having, in any respect, misrepresented either his actions or his character; and of whom to record the truth is his best praise.

On thus reviewing the long period of forty years that have elapsed since the commencement of our intimacy, it is impossible for me not to be deeply affected, by the reflection, that of the numerous friends with whom he and I were wont to associate, at the period of our earliest acquaintance, all, I think, except three, have already paid their debt to nature; and that in no long time (how soon is known only to HIM, the great Disposer of all events) my grey hairs shall sink into the grave, and I also shall be numbered with those who have been. May a situation so awful make its due impression on my mind!

and may it be my earnest endeavour to employ that short portion of life which yet remains to me, in such a manner, as that when that last dread hour shall come, in which my soul shall be required of me, I may look forward with trembling hope to a happy immortality, through the merits and mediation of our ever-blessed Redeemer!

APPENDIX.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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NOTE [A.] p. 21.

IT was once my intention to have inserted here the diary Dr Beattie had kept of his perusal of Homer, in which he had scrupulously marked the number of days he had bestowed on each book. But, on farther reflection, I have chosen to omit the diary, as this exertion of study does not seem to exceed what any young man, with no very extraordinary degree of application, may accomplish; and, as the work has swelled in bulk much beyond my original expectation, I am unwilling to add to it by the insertion of what is unnecessary. I may just add, however, that he has been often heard to say, that it was this first careful perusal of Homer, that gave him

a just conception of the true nature of epic poetry. How beautifully and correctly he has expressed his ideas of the Epopeé in his 'Essay on Poetry,' is known to every reader of taste. He has concluded his diary with the following apposite quotation:

> "*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,*
> "*Multa tulit fecitque puer.*"
>
> HORAT.

Note [B.] p. 23.

There have, no doubt, been many extraordinary and well-attested instances of somnambulism;* and an anecdote of the late Dr Blacklock is not less remarkable than any other to be met with. It is mentioned in Dr Cleghorn's thesis, 'De Somno,' as having happened at the inn at Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, and authenticated by the testimony of Mrs Blacklock, who is still alive, and was present with a numerous company of his friends, who dined with him that day. But as it is already in print,† I am unwilling to swell this Appendix by inserting it here.

* 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' Vol. XVII. p. 534.

† See Anderson's 'Poets of Great Britain,' Vol. II. p. 1154. Life of Blacklock.

Note [C.] p. 35.

Copy of the last Will and Testament of JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D. *written by his own Hand, and dated 20th July,* 1799.

I James Beattie, Doctor of Laws, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College, Aberdeen, willing to prevent all dispute and litigation about the property I may leave behind me at death; and being at present, by the goodness of God, in soundness of mind, and in my usual bodily health, do make my last will and testament as follows: To the persons after mentioned as the executors of this my will, namely, to Sir William Forbes, Baronet, of Pitsligo; to Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. secretary to the Trustees, &c. in Edinburgh; to Major James Mercer, formerly of the forty-ninth regiment; and to James Farquhar Gordon, Esq. writer to the signet, I bequeath in trust, after payment of all my just debts, to be lent or laid out by them, on sufficient heritable security, the sum of ****** pounds sterling; and I appoint the legal interest thereof to be applied yearly by them for the use and behoof of my wife, Mary Dun; and this to continue all the days of her life; hoping that this provision, with ****** pounds sterling a-year, to which she will be entitled from the Widows Fund,†

† A fund established by act of Parliament, for the payment of annuities to the widows of the clergy of the church of Scotland, and the widows of the professors of the universities in that part of the united kingdom. An excellent institution!

will be fully sufficient for her comfortable support: To my niece, Margaret Valentine, wife of Mr Professor Glennie of Marischal College, Aberdeen, I bequeath ****** pounds sterling; and to her the said Margaret Valentine, to whom I and my children, while I had children, were under great obligations, I also bequeath all my household furniture, and all my books and other moveables, except the few books and moveables after mentioned, which I leave as memorials of me to other friends; to her also the said Margaret Valentine, I bequeath my picture by my dear friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, deceased, who made me a present of it, of which picture I know she will be particularly careful, from her regard to me, and on account of the great merit of the work: To my excellent friend, Sir William Forbes, Baronet, of Pitsligo, I bequeath, as a small memorial of our friendship, my silver watch, with a stop and second hand, made with particular care by Gartly, and also the two splendid volumes in quarto of Lavater's 'Physiognomy,' which will be found among my other books: To my dear friend, Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. secretary to the Trustees, &c. in Edinburgh, I bequeath my gold-headed cane, which I received as a present from the late William, Lord Newhaven, and also my gold ring with the King's head by Tassie, which ring I had the honour to receive from George, Lord Onslow: To the Rev. Dr William Laing in Peterhead, to whom as a friend and as a physician I have often been obliged, I bequeath all my music books, together with ****** pounds sterling,

and the telescope which he made for me: and to Miss Beattie Laing, his second daughter, I bequeath the organ which was built by my deceased son, James Hay Beattie, and which is now, and for some time past has been, in the dwelling-house of the said Dr Laing: To my brother, David Beattie, I bequeath ****** pounds sterling; and I desire that my bond, accepted by him for ****** pounds sterling, which I lent him, and on which more than thirteen years interests are now due, may be cancelled and sent to him: To my sister's son, James Dewars or Duers, I bequeath ****** pounds sterling: I beg my dear friend, James Mercer, Esq. formerly Major of the forty-ninth regiment, will accept of my Olivet's Cicero, in nine volumes quarto, and of my Clarke's Homer, in two volumes quarto, as a small acknowledgment of the pleasure and improvement, which for almost forty years I have derived from his conversation and friendship: To the Poors Hospital of Aberdeen, I bequeath ****** pounds sterling; and to the Lunatic Hospital of Aberdeen, I bequeath the same sum of ****** pounds. And after paying these several legacies, I order and appoint, that what may remain of my property may be equally divided between my said niece, Margaret Valentine, and her brother, David Valentine, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy; recommending it to them to give such pecuniary assistance as they may judge reasonable to my brother David Beattie's children. And this I declare to be my last will and testament. And I appoint and nominate the said Sir

William Forbes, Baronet, of Pitsligo, the said Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. the said Major James Mercer, and the said James Farquhar Gordon, Esq. jointly, or any two of them accepting and surviving, to be the executors of this my last will and testament, bequeathing to each of these executors the sum of ***** pounds sterling, as a small acknowledgment for their trouble in executing this my said will: Reserving to myself the privilege of making at any time, by a codicil or codicils annexed, or in any other way I may think proper, such alterations in, or additions to, this my will, as may to me appear reasonable. In witness whereof, these presents, written with my own hand on this and the preceding page, are subscribed by me at Aberdeen, the twentieth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine years, before these witnesses, John Arthur, sacrist of Marischal College, and George Pirie, porter of Marischal College.

(Signed) J. BEATTIE.

(Signed) JOHN ARTHUR, witness.
GEORGE PIRIE, witness.

Note [D.] p. 37.

James, the fourteenth Earl of Erroll, was the eldest son of William, the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, (who lost his head on Tower-Hill, 18th August, 1746,)

by Lady Anne Livingston, only child and heiress of James, Earl of Linlithgow and Callander, by Lady Margaret Hay, second daughter of John, twelfth Earl of Erroll; on the death of whose eldest sister, Mary, Countess of Erroll in her own right, in the year 1758, her grand-nephew, known at that time by the title of Lord Boyd, as eldest son of Lord Kilmarnock, succeeded to the earldom and estate of Erroll; thus uniting in his person the four earldoms of Errol, Kilmarnock, Linlithgow, and Callander,* as well as the ancient dignity of Lord High Constable of Scotland, which had been long enjoyed by the Earls of Erroll, and had been reserved to them by the Articles of Union of the two kingdoms, as well as by the act of Parliament abolishing the heritable jurisdictions of Scotland, in the year 1749.

I cannot better delineate the character of this amiable and accomplished nobleman, than by the following extract of a letter from Dr Beattie to Mrs Montagu, giving her an account of Lord Erroll's death, which happened the 3d June, 1778, in the fifty-second year of his age.

"Lord Erroll's death, of which you must have heard, "is a great loss to this country, and matter of unspeak- "able regret to his friends. I owed him much, but,

* The three last had been attainted in the persons of the Earl of Linlithgow and Callander in the year 1715, and of the Earl of Kilmarnock in the year 1745: But had those attainders not taken place, the right of succession to those dignities centered in Lord Erroll.

" independently on all considerations of gratitude, I " had a sincere liking and very great esteem for him. " In his manners he was wonderfully agreeable, a most " affectionate and attentive parent, husband, and bro- " ther, elegant in his economy, and perhaps expensive, " yet exact and methodical. He exerted his influence " as a man of rank and a magistrate in doing good to " all the neighbourhood; and it has often been men- " tioned to his honour, that no man ever administered " an oath with a more pious and commanding solemnity " than he. He was regular in his attendance upon pub- " lic worship, and exemplary in the performance of it. " In a word, he was adored by his servants, a blessing " to his tenants, and the darling of the whole country. " His stature was six feet four inches, and his propor- " tions most exact. His countenance and deportment " exhibited such a mixture of the sublime and the " graceful, as I have never seen united in any other " man. He often put me in mind of an ancient hero; " and I remember Dr Samuel Johnson was positive, " that he resembled Homer's character of Sarpedon."

To the truth of every part of this account by Dr Beattie, of the late Lord Erroll, I can bear ample testimony; as I had the happiness of his Lordship's acquaintance, and was honoured with his friendship, of which he gave me a strong proof, by appointing me one of the guardians of his children. I may add, that were I desired to specify the man of the most graceful form, the most elegant, polished, and popular manners, whom I have

ever known in my long intercourse with society, I should not hesitate to name James, Earl of Erroll. At the coronation of his present Majesty, Lord Erroll officiated as Lord High Constable of Scotland.

Note [E.] p. 38.

The diary, as I have it, commences on the 6th January, 1762, on the reassembling of his class after the Christmas holidays: but as it refers on the top of the page to a former diary of the preceding part of that session, it had most probably comprehended the whole period of his lectures from their commencement. It is written with uncommon neatness, and even elegance of penmanship, to which he was always extremely attentive, in the form of a kalendar, and continued without interruption to the 2d April, when the winter-session of the year 1792-3 was closed with the usual graduation of masters of arts. When the delicate state of his health is considered, shattered as it was by intense application to study in the composition of his various works, it must appear wonderful, that he was able to deliver his lectures from year to year with so little interruption from indisposition.

Note [F.*] p. 45.

I am indebted for this account of the Philosophical Society of Aberdeen, not only to their manuscript records, now in my possession, but to the Life of Dr Gregory, prefixed to his works, p. 37. This elegant account of the late Dr Gregory is anonymous. But it is well known to be written by my friend the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Judges of the Supreme Civil Court of Law of Scotland, to whom the public is also indebted for a valuable and truly original 'Essay on the Principles of Translation;' as well as for an excellent critique on the poetical works of our Scottish Theocritus, Allan Ramsay: although to neither of these classical performances has his modesty suffered him to prefix his name. He has also published, 'Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern;' a performance of much merit, of which he has acknowledged himself to be the author, as it contains the outlines of a course of public lectures, delivered by him in the university of Edinburgh, in which he was Professor of Universal History, before he was raised to the Bench. Lord Woodhouselee was also one of the elegant writers to whom we are indebted for those two excellent periodical works, the 'Mirror,' and 'Lounger,' published at Edinburgh.†

* This letter of reference is by mistake repeated. † See note [DD.]

Some account of the Philosophical Society of Aberdeen, will likewise be found in the Supplement to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' Vol. I. p. 699. article, *Life of Dr Gerard.*

Note [F.] p. 61.

This and the three following notes were meant for the preservation of some pieces of Dr Beattie's poetry, published in the two first editions of his poems, though omitted in his later editions; but which I had thought it a pity should be lost. But, on farther reflection, it has been judged expedient to retain only the 'Ode to Peace,' of which two stanzas are already inserted in the text, at p. 62. of Vol. I. and which appears to be of superior beauty. The Epitaph on himself is also preserved, for the reason assigned in the text. The reader will therefore be pleased to pardon the inaccuracy of the references here.

The concluding lines of the 'Hares,' are inserted here, as mentioned in the text, p. 61. Vol. I. note [F.]; because it is not meant to print the fable itself in the projected new edition of his 'Works in Prose and 'Verse.'

"Now from the western mountain's brow,
"Compassed with clouds of various glow,
"The sun a broader orb displays,
"And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.

" The lawn assumes a fresher green,
" And dew-drops spangle all the scene,
" The balmy zephyr breathes along,
" The shepherd sings his tender song;
" With all their lays the groves resound,
" And falling waters murmur round.
" Discord and Care were put to flight,
" And all was peace and calm delight."

Note [G.] p. 63.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

I. 1.

Peace, heaven-descended maid! whose powerful voice
From ancient darkness called the morn;
And hushed of jarring elements the noise,
When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurled the void abyss along;
And all the bright angelic choir,
Striking, through all their ranks, the eternal lyre,
Poured, in loud symphony, the impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet sung,
And wide, through night's dark solitary reign,
Rebounding long and deep, the lays triumphant rung.

I. 2.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian Age!
Roll round again, majestic years!
To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage;
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears;
Ye years, again roll round!
Hark! from afar what desolating sound,
While echoes load the sighing gales,
With dire presage the throbbing heart assails!
Murder, deep-roused, with all the whirlwind's haste,
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
Smiles ghastly fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I. 3.

The shouts, redoubling, rise
In thunder to the skies,
The nymphs, disordered, dart along,
Sweet powers of solitude and song,
Stunned with the horrors of discordant sound;
And all is listening, trembling round.
Torrents, far heard amid the waste of night,
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty Ocean's more majestic voice,
Drowned in superior din, is heard no more;
The surge in silence seems to sweep the foamy shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner, streaming in the air,
Seen on yon sky-mixt mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
Driven in confusion to the plain below,
War's dreadful lord proclaim.
Bursts out, by frequent fits, the expansive flame;
Snatched in tempestuous eddies, flies
The surging smoke o'er all the darkened skies;
The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen;
The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale;
The bat flies transient o'er the dusky green,
And night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II. 2.

Involved in fire-streaked gloom, the car comes on.
The rushing steeds grim Terror guides;
His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry Power of Battle rides.
Grasped in his mighty hand,
A mace tremendous desolates the land;
The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep.
Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades,
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes;
A deeper gloom invests the howling shades;
Stripped is the shattered grove, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How startled Phrenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs!
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
See, with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound!
Hate whirls her torch sulphureous round.
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
Re-echo to the hoarse alarms,
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose,
Of kingly gesture, a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair! within as foul
As fiends of fiercest heart below,
Who ride the hurricanes of fire, that roll
Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,
Yon naked waste survey;
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;
Where late the rosy-bosomed hours,
In loose array, danced lightly o'er the flowers;
Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;
And, wakened by the murmuring breeze of morn,
The voice of cheerful labour filled the dale;
And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her liberal horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
But mark the once resplendent dome;
The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly silent all!
Save where, outstretched beneath yon hanging wall,
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth.
Though vain the muse, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way;
I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes!
Young zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celestial rings.
All blooming on the lawn the nymphs advance,
And touch the lute, and range the dance:
And the blithe shepherds, on the mountain's side,
Arrayed in all their rural pride,
Exalt the festive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmost grot——
But, ah! the landscape glows with fainter light;
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain! Can sacred PEACE reside
Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
Where cruelty inflames the eye of pride,
And grandeur wantons in soft pleasure's arms?
Ambition, these are thine!
These from the soul erase the form divine;
And quench the animating fire,
That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
And hatred triumphs on the o'erwhelming brow,
And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
Blaze the blue flames of death, and sound the shrieks of woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once beloved retreat,
What regions brighten in thy smile,
Creative PEACE! and underneath thy feet
See sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?
In bleak Siberia blows,
Waked by thy genial breath, the balmy rose?
Waved over by thy magic wand,
Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?

Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian through primæval shades;
Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
And, led by Reason's light, the path of nature treads?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep,*
Far leaning o'er the deep,
The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
Her robe, of Nature's varied green,
Waved on the gale; grief dimmed her radiant eyes,
Her bosom heaved with boding sighs.
She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from the ethereal blue,
'Midst the dread pomp of war,
Blazed the Iberian streamer from afar.
She saw; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
Slow winged her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. Those ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the Gulf of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

From Vol. I. p. 63. *

EPITAPH ON **** *******

Escaped the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemmed the sea of life;
Like thee, have languished after empty joys;
Like thee, have laboured in the stormy strife;
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,—
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

* *N. B.* The letter of reference accidentally omitted.

In perusing this beautiful Epitaph, the reader will be in some places, reminded of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard.' Whether Beattie had that poem in his eye while he was writing, cannot with any certainty be discovered. Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard' was first published in a quarto sixpenny pamphlet, by Dodsley, in 1750; it was afterwards published, along with some other of Mr Gray's poems, in 1753; whereas this Elegy of Dr Beattie's was first printed in the 'Scots Magazine' only in 1757. It is, therefore, possible, that Dr Beattie may have seen the Elegy of Gray before he wrote his own. But when his obscurity at that time is considered, and the little access he had to books, it is, I think, much more probable, that it had never come within his view. It is, however, of no consequence; for any coincidence of thought between the two, is merely a proof, how much one man of genius may imitate another, without servilely copying him.

Note [K.] p. 66.

I am indebted to my friend, Lord Woodhouselee, whose classical taste in every branch of polite literature, especially on the subject of 'Translation,' is justly entitled to high commendation, for an excellent paper of critical observations on the translations of the 'Bucolics of Virgil,' by Dryden, Warton, and Beattie; and I confess I was agreeably surprised to find the result so fa-

vourable to Beattie, who, soon after his translations were published, declared, that he was ashamed of them, and wished them to be for ever consigned to oblivion. We do not hear that either Dryden or Warton thought so meanly of their translations, though the former was one of the best of the English poets, and the latter possessed of poetical genius, and a refined critical taste.

LORD WOODHOUSELEE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Edinburgh, 10th January, 1804.

"As you expressed a wish to have my opinion of the comparative merits of the three translations of the 'Eclogues of Virgil,' by Dryden, Warton, and Beattie, it has been a very pleasing amusement to me, in a few leisure holiday-hours, to make this comparison; and I now sit down to comply with your request. In matters of this sort, general approbation or censure is of little value. On the other hand, we risk being tedious, if we go too much into particulars. I shall endeavour, if I can, to avoid both extremes.

"Of the three rival translations, I think Dr Warton's the most faithful to the sense of the original, the least faulty, and, in general, though not always, the most poetical.

"Dryden, in the usual licentiousness of his translations, while he frequently loads his original with his own supposed embellishments, more frequently impairs the

sense by the omission of material ideas. Thus in Eclogue first, the beautiful apostrophe,

" *Fortunate senex, hîc, inter flumina nota,*
" *Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum,*"

is left out altogether. Warton gives it faithfully,

" Happy old man! here, midst the customed streams,
" And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams."

Beattie, with more beauty of poetry, but less fidelity, as he omits the expressive repetition of *fortunate senex,*

" You, by known streams and sacred fountains laid,
" Shall taste the coolness of the sacred shade."

" In the finest passage of the same Eclogue, Dryden is extremely poor:

" *En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,*
" *Pauperis et tugurî congestum cespite culmen,*
" *Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas!*
" *Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?*
" *Barbarus has segetes? En quò discordia cives*
" *Perduxit miseros! En queîs consevimus agros!*"

" O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
" Nor after length of rolling years return!

" Are we condemned, by Fate's unjust decree,
" No more our houses and our homes to see?
" Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
" And rule the country kingdoms all our own?
" Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
" On these, on these our happy fields bestow?
" Good heaven! what dire effects from civil discord flow!" DRYDEN.

Nor does Beattie's version of this passage deserve much praise:

" When long, long years have tedious rolled away,
" Ah! shall I yet at last, at last survey
" My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
" Where once I reigned in walls of humble sod!
" These lands, these harvests must the soldier share;
" For rude barbarians lavish we our care!
" How are our fields become the spoil of wars!
" How are we ruined by intestine jars!"

It is much better rendered by Warton; though still with inferior beauty to the original:

" Ah! shall I never once again behold,
" When many a year in tedious round has rolled,
" My native seats? Ah! ne'er with ravished thought
" Gaze on my little realm, and turf-built cot?

" What! must these rising crops barbarians share?
" These well-tilled fields become the spoils of war?
" See, to what misery Discord drives the swain!
" See, for what lords we spread the teeming grain!"

Ibid.

" *Hîc illum vide juvenem, &c.*
" *Pascite ut ante boves, pueri,*" *&c.*

" There first the youth of heavenly birth I viewed,
" For whom our monthly victims are renewed;
" He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
" My grounds to be restored, my former flocks to feed."

DRYDEN.

It is evident that a beauty is here lost, by the omission of the apostrophe in the close.

" 'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born youth beheld,
" For whom our altars monthly incense yield:
" My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,—
" Manure your ancient farm, and feed your former flock!"

BEATTIE.

This were well, but for the omission of the courteous appellative *pueri*, which is a characteristic stroke. " My

" suit he even prevented," is a very happy turn. Dr Warton is more correct, but with less beauty of poetry:

" There I that youth beheld, for whom shall rise
" Each year my votive incense to the skies;"
" 'Twas there this gracious answer blessed mine ears,—
" Swains, feed again your flocks, and yoke your steers!"
WARTON.

" In the second Eclogue,

" *At mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustro,*
" *Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis,*"

Dryden debases this passage of simple description by a ludicrous conceit:

" While, in the scorching sun, I trace in vain
" Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
" The creaking locusts with my voice conspire;
" They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire."
DRYDEN.

Warton injures it, by an absurd attempt to give it dignity:

" Thee, while I follow o'er the burning plains,
" And join the shrill *Cicada's* plaintive strains."
WARTON.

Beattie has succeeded without any effort, by the justness of his taste:

"And all is still; save where the buzzing sound
"Of chirping grashoppers is heard around:
"While I, exposed to all the rage of heat,
"Wander the wilds in search of thy retreat."

BEATTIE.

"It required much judgment to avoid indelicacy of expression, and at the same time to convey the full sense, in some passages of the third Eclogue: as,

"*Parcius ista viris*———
"*Novimus et qui te*," &c.

Here Dryden is most offensive and disgusting: Beattie is too plain: Warton is more delicate, and not less faithful to the original.

Ibid.

"*De grege non ausim quicquam deponere tecum:*
"*Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta noverca.*"

Warton and Beattie saw nothing scurrilous in this passage; but Dryden delighted to make it so:

"You know too well I feed my father's flock;
"What can I wager from the common stock?

" A step-dame too I have, a cursed she,
" Who rules my hen-pecked sire, and orders me."

Ibid.

" ——*Conon, et quis fuit alter*," &c.

Warton has missed this fine stroke of rustic simplicity; Dryden and Beattie have both done it justice.

" The fourth Eclogue, *Pollio*, of a different strain from all the rest, is, in my opinion, better translated by Beattie than by either of his rival poets. Dryden, whose genius could have done the most ample justice to the subject, has failed, in some instances, from a bad taste, but in more from carelessness. He had a strange fancy for giving variety to the heroic measure by a sort of double Alexandrine:

" —Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race—
" —Another Argos land the chiefs upon the Iberian shore—
" —And joyful ages from behind in crowding ranks appear"—

This measure is extremely harsh and unmusical, and gives a burlesque air, instead of dignity.

"The beautiful passage in the close of this Eclogue,

"*Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem;*
"*Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses:*"

is thus debased:

"Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
"Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single out:
"Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
"The nauseous qualms of ten long months, and travel to requite."

The critics, on this passage of the original, are divided in opinion, whether the *risus*, or smile, is meant of the mother or of the child. Warton applies it to the former; Dryden and Beattie to the latter: and as the expression in the original is ambiguous, the preference is merely a matter of taste: I think, for my own part, the latter sense gives a greater beauty to the picture, as well as more propriety to the associated sentiments.

"In the sixth Eclogue, the description of sleeping *Silenus* is better in Beattie's translation than in either of the others; though not excellent in any of them. None of the three translators have given the full sense of

"*Hesterno, ut sæpe solet, inflatus Iaccho.*"

Dryden's

"Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,"

conveys but a small part of the meaning: The significant parenthesis, "*ut sæpe solet,*" is missed by them all.

"In Eclogue seventh, the pleasing apostrophe,

"*Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba,*" &c.

is translated by Beattie with more beauty of poetry than by either of his rivals:

"Ye mossy fountains, warbling as ye flow,
"And softer than the slumbers ye bestow;
"Ye grassy banks, ye trees with verdure crowned,
"Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffuse around;
"Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
"And screen them from the summer's raging heat!
"For now the year in brightest glory shines;
"Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines."

BEATTIE.

It is pity that this fine passage should lose any thing of its merit from the mistaken sense in the last line. *Gemmæ* are the *buds* of the vine, and not the *reddening clusters.* "*Jam venit æstas torrida*" does not imply that it

is now the season of summer, (which would indeed demand *clusters* and not *buds*,) but that the summer is approaching. If it be objected, that the mention of the solstice in the preceding line proves the season to be midsummer, the answer is, that the poet has here confounded all the seasons: for in the next response of Thyrsis, the time of *winter* is plainly marked,——

" *Hîc focus et tædæ pingues, hîc plurimus ignis, &c.*
" ——*Hîc tantum Boreæ curamus frigora:*"

then in a moment we return to *spring*,

" *Omnia nunc rident,*" *&c.*

The characters of the season cannot therefore justify the substitution of *clusters* for *buds*.

" In the eighth Eclogue,

" *Sæpibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala,*
" *(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem:*
" *Alter ab undecimo tum me jam cæperat annus;*
" *Jam fragiles poteram a terrâ contingere ramos:*
" *Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!*"

It was most difficult to rival in any translation the singular beauty of this original, and certainly impossible to

exceed it. Beattie and Dryden are here much on a par; neither of them approaching to excellence, nor yet remarkably deficient: Warton is somewhat better:

" Once with your mother to our fields you came
" For dewy apples—thence I date my flame.
" The choicest fruit I pointed to your view,
" Though young, my raptured soul was fixed on you!
" The boughs I scarce could reach with little arms,
" But then, even then, could feel thy powerful charms:
" Oh, how I gazed in pleasant transport tost!
" How glowed my heart in sweet delusion lost!"

A corresponding passage in the *Aminta* shews that Tasso, had he translated from Virgil, could have equalled his original:

" *Essendo io fanciulletto, si che a pena*
" *Giunger potea con la man pargoletta*
" *A corre i frutti dai piegati rami*
" *Da gli arboscelli, intrinseco divenni*
" *De la piu vaga e cara verginella*
" *Che mai spiegasse al vento chioma d'oro,*" &c.

In pastoral poetry it is often difficult to attain simplicity, without deviating, on the one hand, into coarseness and vulgarity, or, on the other, into flatness and insipidity. The delicacy of Beattie's taste secured him against the

former of these errors; but it has not preserved him from falling at times into the feeble and prosaic.

" Eclogue ninth:

" The unexpected day at last is come,
" When a rude alien drives us from our home:
" Hence, hence, ye clowns, the usurper thus commands,
" To me you must resign your ancient lands.
" Thus, helpless and forlorn, we yield to fate;
" And our rapacious lord to mitigate,
" This brace of kids a present I design;
" Which load with curses, O ye Powers divine!"

BEATTIE.

But yet this is better than the vulgar ribaldry of Dryden:

" The time is come I never thought to see,
" (Strange revolution for my farm and me!)
" When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
" Cries out, Pack up, ye rascals, and begone!
" Kicked out, we set the best face on't we could,
" And these two kids, to appease his angry mood,
" I bear, of which the Furies give him good."

" It were easy, dear Sir, to carry this parallel to a much greater length: but enough has been said to an-

swer the end you wished. My opinion you may infer to be this: That of the three translations in question, Warton's is, on the whole, the most perfect; though he has occasionally been excelled in particular passages by both the others: that Beattie's translation, though not equally correct, being in many instances flat and prosaic, has, in the more remarkable and splendid passages, done most justice to the original: and that Dryden, with superior native genius to either of his rivals, has, from carelessness and a defect of taste, in a work which chiefly depended on taste, fallen below them both. There is certainly room for a better translation of the 'Pastorals of Virgil,' than any we have yet seen.' But, when we consider the early age at which Beattie's version must have been composed, and the great improvement of his poetic powers, evinced in his later compositions, I think it is fair to conclude, that had he given to this translation such amendment as he was capable of bestowing, it would have been hazardous in any poet of the present day to have trodden the same ground."

Note [L.] p. 83.

I have said in the text, at the place referred to, that the 'Judgment of Paris' never was a popular poem, probably owing to its being of too metaphysical a nature, and that it has therefore sunk into oblivion; so that I scarcely think it necessary to revive the memory of it,

by the insertion here of the two letters alluded to, and the introductory stanzas, notwithstanding their beauty of description; as I find, in order to have done this with proper effect, and in the manner I first intended, I must have inserted no fewer than nine-and-twenty stanzas of the poem; a greater proportion of it than the purpose seems to warrant.

Note [M.] p. 89.

I once thought of giving some farther account of Churchill, and of inserting the lines here, with the omission only of the last couplet. But as Churchill is a name so well known to every reader of poetry in Britain, I now think it unnecessary to swell this Appendix with any thing farther than what is already said of him; and as the lines relate to political circumstances, long since out of date, they may also be dispensed with.

Note [N.] p. 96.

As an elegant biographical sketch of the life and writings of Dr Blacklock, written by my friend Mr Henry Mackenzie, and prefixed to a posthumous publication of the Doctor's poems, is already in print, it may seem unnecessary, as well as a piece of great presumption in me, to say any thing here on the subject. But

as so strong a friendship subsisted between Dr Beattie and Dr Blacklock, who were in truth congenial spirits, I feel a desire to make this amiable and worthy man better known to such of my readers as may not have met with the posthumous publication of his poems, and Mr Mackenzie's biographical sketch.

The Reverend Dr Thomas Blacklock,—a man very extraordinary at once for his talents as a poet and philosopher, for his acquired knowledge as a scholar, and his virtues as a man and a Christian,—had the misfortune to lose his sight by the small-pox before he was six months old; an age so early, as not to leave with him the slightest remembrance of his having ever possessed that blessing. Though his father was in no higher station than a bricklayer, he gave his son such acquaintance with books as he could, by reading, to amuse him; and his companions assisted in the task, by whose means he acquired some knowledge of Latin. At nineteen he lost his father; yet he was not left destitute of friends, whom Providence brought to his aid. Among others, Dr Stevenson, physician in Edinburgh, having accidentally learned his history, gave to his natural endowments the assistance of a classical education in that university. His acquired knowledge of ancient and modern languages, and of various branches of science, was truly astonishing, not only as an instance of the strongest and

most retentive memory, but of the native powers of mind, applied to the most abstruse subjects, under circumstances the most unpropitious.

While at Edinburgh, he published a volume of poems, which attracted the notice of Mr Spence, prebendary of Durham, who wrote an account of his life and character, prefixed to an edition published afterwards in London by subscription. If the descriptions and imagery, which his poetry exhibits, be deemed the mere repetition of what he remembered to have heard concerning things of which he himself never could have had any knowledge, the reader will at the same time find in them the qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sublimity, the thoughts, as well as the elegance and vigour of expression, which characterise the genuine productions of the poetical talent. One other praise, says his biographer, which the good will value, belongs to them in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence.*

After applying some time to the study of theology, he became a minister of the church of Scotland, and is said to have excelled as a preacher. But the inhabitants of the parish in which he had been placed, having, through prejudice formed against him from his want of sight, made strong opposition to his settlement, he resigned the living, on receiving a small annuity, and returned to Edinburgh, where he ever after resided.

* Mr Mackenzie's 'Life of Dr Blacklock,' prefixed to the posthumous publication of his works.

Beside his poetical compositions, he published several works in prose, of a moral and religious tendency, which do him honour as a philosopher and a Christian, particularly, 'Paraclesis, or, Consolations deduced from 'Natural and Revealed Religion,' in two Dissertations: the first, supposed to be written by Cicero, and translated by Dr Blacklock; the other, original, by himself. In the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' the article on the *Blind*, written by him, is both curious and instructive.

To those qualities of mind, whether native or acquired, for which he was so remarkable, Dr Blacklock added the utmost goodness of heart, as well as gentleness of manner, but accompanied with the keenest sensibility. In his friendship he was warm to enthusiasm. Of this his correspondence with Dr Beattie affords a striking proof. Their spirits were congenial, and they loved each other with great affection.

Dr Beattie's and Dr Blacklock's first intercourse seems to have arisen from a present, which Dr Blacklock had sent him of his works, accompanied by a copy of verses; to which Dr Beattie replied in a similar manner. It is an ethic epistle, and, in my opinion, of so much merit, that I am sorry Dr Beattie has left it out of the later editions of his poetical works.

His peculiar misfortune gave him a high relish for the pleasures of conversation. In the circle of his friends he seemed to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which at other times it produced; and he entered, with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into

all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, and the humourous jest, that rose around him.

Of music he was uncommonly fond; as was extremely natural for one who was blessed with a musical ear, and who found in it a greater source of delight, from the want of other pleasures from which he was shut out by his blindness. He sung with taste; and always carried in his pocket a small flageolet, on which he was by no means averse from being asked to perform, for the amusement of those with whom he happened to be in company.

With Dr Blacklock I had the happiness of being well acquainted; and I look back with gratitude to his memory, for the many instructive hours which I have enjoyed in his company.

The last act of Dr Beattie's friendship for Dr Blacklock, was the composition of the following elegant and classical inscription, which is engraved on his monument at Edinburgh, where he died the 7th July, 1791, in the seventieth year of his age.

Viro reverendo
THOMÆ BLACKLOCK, D.D.
Probo, Pio, Benevolo,
Omnigenâ Doctrinâ erudito,
Poetæ sublimi;
Ab incunabulis usque
Oculis capto,
At hilari, faceto,
Amicisque semper carissimo;
Qui Natus xxi. *Novemb. MDCCXXI.*
Obiit vii. *Julii MDCCXCI:*
Hoc Monumentum
Vidua ejus SARA JOHNSTON
Moerens P.

Τον περι μουσ' εφιλησε, διδου δ' αγαθον τε κακον τε,
Οφθαλμων μεν αμερσε, διδου δ' ηδειαν αοιδην.*

* *Odyss. lib.* viii. 63. Thus translated by Pope:
" Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
" With mighty blessings, mixed with mighty woe:
" With clouds of darkness quenched his visual ray,
" But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay."
POPE'S *Odyssey, b.* viii. *l.* 57.

This is the character applied to Demodocus, the prophet or bard at the court of the King of Phæacia, and by whom Homer is supposed to have designed to represent himself.

Note [O.] p. 148.

William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee,* the esteemed friend of Dr Beattie; who, with the active duties of a laborious profession, in which by his skill and integrity he rose to eminence, combined a more than common store of classical learning, historical knowledge, and a singularly correct taste in the sister arts of poetry, painting, and music; all of which he continued to cultivate and enjoy to the close of a long life.

To his other studies, he had added those of metaphysics and moral philosophy; by means of which he had early become acquainted with Dr Beattie, whom he loved and respected as an able champion of truth, and with whom he ever after continued to live on the footing of the most intimate friendship: as he was also happy in possessing the esteem and regard of many of the most distinguished literary characters of the age, such as, Lord Monboddo, Lord Kaimes, Dr John Gregory, Dr Reid, Principal Campbell, Dr Gerard, and many others.

As an author, Mr Tytler was distinguished by his 'Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence 'against Mary Queen of Scots,' in opposition to Mr Hume and Dr Robertson, in which he warmly supported the cause of that ill-fated princess, and displayed an

* Father of the present Lord Woodhouselee.

uncommon degree of acuteness in the examination of a question, which has been maintained on both sides with consummate ability.

Mr Tytler also published several other works on historical and literary subjects, particularly, 'The Poetical 'Remains of James the First, King of Scotland;' some part of which he had the merit of having rescued from the oblivion in which it had long lain buried in the Bodleian Library. He has also restored to the same monarch, the popular ballad of 'Christ's Kirk on the 'Green,' so much admired for its wit and humour; but which had been improperly ascribed to his descendant, King James the Fifth.*

* Mr Tytler, in attributing this excellent and humourous composition to the elder James, rests much of his proof on the evidence of what is called the 'Bannatyne Manuscript Collection of Ancient Scottish Poems,' in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and it unquestionably is a very strong one; yet he appears to me not to do all the justice that he might to his own argument. George Bannatyne, one of the canons of the cathedral church of Moray, made that collection, as appears by its date, in the year 1568, only twenty-six years after the death of King James the Fifth, which happened in the year 1542, with whom therefore Bannatyne may be reckoned to have been contemporary. Had the poem been composed by this last Prince, it must have been a fact perfectly well known at that time; so that it never could have been attributed by Bannatyne to the elder James, who had been dead upwards of an hundred years.

"The authority of a MS. written more than a century after the death of James the First," says Lord Hailes, "proves nothing." But if the supposition of Lord Hailes were true, that the poem is the work of James the Fifth, it would in truth be a question, as to Bannatyne's authority, respecting a poem which in that case would be little more than twenty-six years old, and in regard to which, Bannatyne could not well be mistaken; he could never, therefore, have assigned the poem to King James the First. What I allude to when I say, that Mr Tytler does not appear

To the 'Poetical Remains of James the First,' Mr Tytler has added a most ingenious 'Dissertation on the 'Scottish Music,' a subject of which he was peculiarly fond; and to the poem of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' he has added a note, by which he has vindicated to his old and early friend, Allan Ramsay, the property of the beautiful Scottish pastoral-comedy, 'The Gentle Shep-'herd;' of which an attempt had been made, most unjustly, to deprive him, by the absurd assertion, that it was only in part the composition of Ramsay.

It appears from a letter in the text,* to have been Dr Beattie's intention to have written the life of his friend, Mr Tytler; and had his health permitted him to have

to me to have done full justice to his own argument, is, that when he mentions the signature in Bannatyne as bearing the date of the elder James, Mr Tytler has done it with a numeral (1) merely, instead of printing it at full length. Had Bannatyne so written it, there might have been supposed some confusion between the two numerals (1) and (5), which in ancient MSS. may often be mistaken the one for the other; but in the MS. itself it is plainly written by Bannatyne, "q^d. King James the first," which is not liable to any such mistake. Pinkerton, though he gives this poem to King James the First on other grounds, says, "I found nothing "on the Bannatyne MS. which gives the former ('Christ's Kirk on the "Green') to James the First. For in the next piece save one, it palpa-"bly puts *first* for *fourth*, or, by mistake, *fifth*." (Ancient Scottish Poems, Vol. I. p. lxxxix.) This observation of Pinkerton's, however, is not conclusive; for any one who looks at the Bannatyne MS. will perceive, that the note on the margin is written with different ink from that used in writing the poem to which it refers, and not improbably by a different hand.

As a matter of some curiosity, I trust I shall be pardoned for this disquisition respecting the real author of this very singular specimen of ancient Scottish minstrelsy.

* Vide supra, p. 132.

executed such a task, we may be sure, that, like every literary work of his, it would have been highly interesting. Yet it may be reasonably doubted, I think, whether it would have equalled in value the 'Account 'of the Life and Writings of Mr Tytler,' read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by my friend Mr Henry Mackenzie, and published in the Transactions of the Society, Vol. IV. Appendix, p. 17. In that biographical sketch, Mr Mackenzie has given a most interesting and animated portrait of Mr Tytler; to the truth of every word of which I can myself completely bear witness, as I was honoured during many years with his intimate friendship; and it is not without the strongest emotions, that I can now review, in Mr Mackenzie's sketch, the character of my much-respected friend, which he has there so justly depicted. Nor am I less pleased with the opportunity of paying this tribute of gratitude to the memory of one, with whom I have spent many an instructive, as well as many a happy convivial hour.

Mr Tytler was born at Edinburgh, 12th October, 1711, and died 12th September, 1792.

Note [P.] p. 153.

The account of Ross of Lochlee, author of the 'For-'tunate Shepherdess,' and other poems in the broad Scotch dialect, given in this letter of Dr Beattie's to

Dr Blacklock, is not only curious, as containing the account of a native and self-taught poet, but as a proof of the innate goodness of Dr Beattie's heart, who, in order to serve this poor man, not only wrote and published in the newspaper of Aberdeen a recommendatory letter in prose, but addressed a copy of verses to Mr Ross, in the same dialect; the first and only time Dr Beattie ever attempted to write in that manner. I had once thoughts of inserting the verses here, as a literary curiosity; but considering, that the dialect in which they are written must be completely unintelligible to every native of England, I laid aside the intention. In justice to Dr Beattie, I may be allowed to add, however, that the verses are far from being destitute of merit in their way, and show the versatility of Dr Beattie's genius. The ninth stanza, in particular, contains a picture of a pastoral scene, so beautiful, and drawn so exactly after nature, that I am persuaded no native of Scotland, possessed of any taste, can read it without singular delight. I have ventured to insert it in the note.*

* O bonny are our greensward hows,†
Where through the birks‡ the burny§ rows,¶
And the bee bums,‖ and the ox lows,
And saft†† winds rustle,
And shepherd-lads on sunny knows,‡‡
Blaw§§ the blythe whistle.

† Green hollows. ‡ Birch-trees. § Brook. ¶ Meanders.
‖ Hums. †† Soft. ‡‡ Knolls. §§ Blow.

Note [Q.] p. 182.

Dr Hawkesworth was first known as a literary character by the publication of the 'Adventurer,' a periodical paper begun in the year 1752, and continued to 1754; than which none since the days of the 'Spectator' is better entitled to high commendation. With less of stiffness and formality than the 'Rambler' and 'Idler' of Johnson, and more of real instruction than the 'World' or 'Connoisseur,' the chief periodical papers of our own times of ascertained merit, the 'Adventurer' seems to combine the peculiar merits of them all; so that I do not know, if, since the days of Addison and Steele, who had the merit of introducing into the circle of literature that popular and excellent form of composition, a work of higher value of that nature has appeared than the 'Adventurer.'

Dr Hawkesworth's next publication was 'Almoran 'and Hamet,' a very beautiful Oriental tale. He then published a translation of the Archbishop of Cambray's celebrated epic poem, the 'Adventures of Telemachus,' in elegant prose. His last work was, 'An Account of 'the Voyages undertaken by the order of his present 'Majesty, for making Discoveries in the Southern He-'misphere:' a publication, which, though it produced to Dr Hawkesworth a large sum of money,* added little

* It is said, no less than six thousand pounds.

to his fame as an author, or to his reputation as a moralist. In the preface to that publication, are some very vague and ill-digested ideas respecting the doctrine of a particular Providence; and some parts of his narrative respecting the manners and customs of the natives of Otaheite, if too strongly verified to admit of any doubt as to the truth of the story, had better, for the credit of human nature, and the good of society, have remained unpublished to the world.

Dr Hawkesworth lived at Bromley, in Kent, where I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and died 16th November, 1783, aged fifty-eight. The following beautiful quotation from the concluding paper of the 'Adventurer,' closes the inscription on his monument in Bromley church: "The hour is hasting, in which whatever praise "or censure I have acquired will be remembered with "equal indifference. Time, who is impatient to date "my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand which is "now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now "throbs at the reflection. But let not this be read as "something that relates only to another; for a few "years only can divide the eye that is now reading, "from the hand that has written."

Note [R.] p. 194.

Major Mercer was the son of a private gentleman in Aberdeenshire, who, having joined the Highland army

in the year 1745, retired to France after the battle of Culloden, where he resided till his death. His son received his education at the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and afterwards went to reside with his father at Paris. There he spent his time in elegant society, and devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of letters. Thus he acquired those polished manners, and that taste for study, by which he was ever after so highly distinguished. He possessed, too, a very high degree of elegant and chastised wit and humour, which made his company to be universally sought after by those who had the happiness of his friendship or acquaintance.

On the death of his father he returned to Scotland, and soon afterwards entered into the army, at the commencement of the Seven Years War; during the greatest part of which he served in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and was in one of the six British regiments of infantry, that gained such reputation for their gallantry at the memorable battle of Minden.

The regiment in which he afterwards served being reduced at the Peace of Paris, he returned to Aberdeen, where he married Miss Katherine Douglas, sister to Lord Glenbervie, a beautiful and accomplished woman, with whom he lived many years in much happiness.

In order to fill up the vacant hours of his then unemployed situation, he devoted his time chiefly to books, and in particular recommenced the study of the Greek language, (of which he had acquired the rudiments under the learned Dr Blackwell at Marischal College,) with

such assiduity, that Dr Beattie, in another letter, says, he doubted whether there were in Scotland at that time six gentlemen who knew Greek so well as Major Mercer. Then it was, that by attention to the purest models of antiquity, he corrected that partiality for French literature, which he had strongly imbibed by his early habits of study at Paris.

Not long after, he again entered into the army, in which he continued to serve till about the year 1772, when he had arrived at the rank of Major. But he then quitted the profession, and only resumed a military character, when he held a commission in a regiment of Fencibles during the American war. On the return of peace he retired with his family to Aberdeen, where he continued chiefly to reside during the rest of his life.

An acquaintance had first taken place between him and Dr Beattie, on his return to Aberdeen, after the Seven Years War; and as their taste in books, and their favourite studies were in some respects entirely similar, a lasting friendship ensued, which proved to both a source of the highest enjoyment.

Major Mercer's acquaintance with books, especially of poetry and *belles lettres*, both ancient and modern, was not only uncommonly extensive, but he himself possessed a rich and genuine poetical vein, that led him, for his own amusement solely, to the composition of some highly finished lyric pieces. These he carefully concealed, however, from the knowledge of even almost all his most intimate friends; and it was with much dif-

ficulty that his brother-in-law, Lord Glenbervie, at length could prevail on him to permit a small collection to be printed, first anonymously, afterwards with his name. In perusing these beautiful poems, the reader, I think, will find they possess much original genius, and display a taste formed on the best classic writers of Greece and Rome, whose spirit their author had completely imbibed, especially of Horace, who seems to have been the model whom he had proposed to himself for his imitation.

A few years ago, Major Mercer had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a long course of severe indisposition, during which he had attended her with the most anxious assiduity. Of that misfortune, indeed, he may be said never to have got the better; and he survived her little more than two years. That circumstance gave occasion to some elegant lines which Mr Hayley addressed to Lord Glenbervie, soon after Major Mercer's death.* He had long been in a very valetudinary, ner-

* EPITAPH FOR MAJOR MERCER.

Around this grave, ye types of merit spread!
Here Mercer shares the Sabbath of the dead:
Ye laurels, here, with double lustre, bloom,
To deck a soldier's and a poet's tomb!
Gracefully pleasing in each manly part!
His verses, like his virtues, win the heart.
Grateful for wedded bliss, (for years his pride!)
He lost it, and, by fond affliction, died.
Here, Sculpture! fix thy emblematic dove,
To grace the martyr of connubial love!
Hail, ye just pair! in blest re-union rise!
Revered on earth! rewarded in the skies!

rous state, till at last his constitution entirely failed, and he expired, without a struggle or a pang, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Besides possessing no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men, (for, in the course of his military life especially, he had lived much in society of various sorts,) and being one of the pleasantest companions I ever knew, Major Mercer was a man of much piety, strict in the observance of all the ordinances of religion, and of high honour in every transaction of life.

Being my relation, although somewhat older, he was one of the earliest companions of my playful hours; and we continued through life the steadiest friends and most constant correspondents. It is, therefore, with a melancholy yet pleasing satisfaction, that I look back on that intercourse of friendship, which subsisted between us during more than half a century, without interruption, and without decay.

Major Mercer was born 27th February, 1734, and died 18th November, 1804.

Note [S.] p. 197.

The reader will be pleased to excuse an inaccuracy in the reference here.

Note [T.] p. 261.

The following words which are printed in Italics, are those on which Mr Gray had made remarks, together with the changes made by Dr Beattie, which are printed in the second column in Roman characters:

Stanza 2. *Obstreperous,* is retained.

3. *Bending,* is retained.

4. *Pensions,* &c.
5. *Plaister,* &c.
6. *Female heart,* &c.

} These three excellently altered.

7. *Rise, sons of harmony,* &c. No change made.

8, 9, 10, 11. All preserved entire.

12. *Rambling,* changed to *roving.*

17. *Simple,* changed to *humble.*

18. *Mad,* is retained.

29, to 39. How they had been originally altered by Mr Gray's advice, does not appear.

34. The alliteration is preserved.

36, 37, 38.* Remain unaltered. On this part of the poem Mr Gray is perfectly just in saying, that it has been remarked by others as well as by him, that the author indulges a little too much in *description* and *reflection.*

* Stanza 38. This alludes to a singular but deep-rooted aversion, which Dr Beattie all his life evinced for the crowing of a cock.

Stanza 42. All preserved.

" 46. *Infuriate,* is preserved.

52. *Medium, incongruous,* &c. are retained.

54. Not altered.

56. *Vernal,* changed to *autumnal.*

62. In the first edition, it was dedicated to a male friend, although the name be left blank.* In the second, it is inscribed to Mrs Montagu.

Note [U.] p. 285.

The Epitaph, here alluded to, is that, I believe, first printed in the edition of his poems in the year 1777, with the title,

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED BY A GENTLEMAN TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY,

and beginning,

" Farewell, my best beloved! whose heavenly mind,
" Genius with virtue, strength with softness joined."

It was written at the request of his dear and intimate friend, Dr John Gregory, for his wife, the Honourable

* Mr Arbuthnot.

Mrs Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of William, Lord Forbes, a very amiable and most accomplished woman, who died at Aberdeen 27th September, 1761; and has been published in all the subsequent editions of Dr Beattie's poems. I may add, that I perceive, by some of the letters interchanged between them at the time, that this inscription is mentioned by Dr Gregory with much approbation.

Note [X.] p. 285.

The gentleman to whom Dr Beattie was indebted for this musical curiosity, was Archibald Menzies, Esq. of Culdares, in Perthshire, North Britain, and one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs for Scotland, who had made a tour among the Greek islands in the Levant, and, being fond of music, had brought home with him this composition as a curiosity; but of the antiquity and authenticity of which Dr Beattie seems to have entertained great doubts; which, to be sure, tend much to diminish its value.

I have seen another copy of this tune, which was given by the same gentleman, Mr Menzies, to Lord Monboddo; whose love for every thing that was Greek, is well known. On the back of Lord Monboddo's copy is the following memorandum: "A tune, to which the

" Greeks at present dance, called *Romeka*. It imitates " the winding of a labyrinth; and is supposed to be " that which Theseus brought from Crete to Greece, " when he returned with Ariadne. It is mentioned by " Homer in the shield, as having been taught Ariadne " by Dædalus. Plutarch also speaks of it in the life of " Theseus, and Eustathius in his Commentary upon Ho- " mer. It is danced upon all solemn occasions; and the " person who leads the dance, carries a handkerchief in " his hand, representing the signal which Theseus was " to make if he returned victorious. It begins very slow, " increasing still in quickness, and then gradually sink- " ing into a slow movement, as at the beginning."

Note [Y.] Vol. II. p. 136.

The publication of the 'Essay on Truth' forms so distinguished an æra, not only in the life of Dr Beattie, but even in the literary history of his country, that I feel it as a duty to offer to those of my younger readers, who may not yet be acquainted with the work, a short abstract of its contents: and I should be proud to think, that I could in any way contribute to the dissemination of a work, which was designed by its author for the young, and which never can be studied by them without great moral and intellectual improvement.

The 'Essay on Truth' is divided by the author into three great parts, or subjects of inquiry.

In the first part, it is his object, "To trace the several "kinds of evidence and reasoning up to their first prin- "ciples, with a view to ascertain the standard of truth, "and explain its immutability."

The object of the second part, is to show, "That his "sentiments on this head, however inconsistent with "the genius of scepticism, and with the practice and "principles of sceptical writers, are yet perfectly con- "sistent with the genius of true philosophy, and with "the practice and principles of those, whom all acknow- "ledge to have been the most successful in the investiga- "tion of truth:" and "that there are rules, by which the "more important fallacies of the sceptical philosophy "may be detected by every person of common sense, "even though he should not possess acuteness or meta- "physical knowledge sufficient to qualify him for a lo- "gical confutation of them."

The object of the third part is, "To answer some objec- "tions which he anticipates, and to make some farther "remarks by way of estimate of scepticism and scepti- "cal writers."

According to this division, the first part consists of two chapters. In the first of these, Dr Beattie investigates "the perception of truth in general." He begins by shewing, that belief is a simple act of the mind, which admits of no definition or description in words; and that truth is that which the constitution of our na-

ture determines us to believe, and falsehood that which the constitution of our nature determines us to disbelieve. Truth, however, is of two kinds, or is perceived by two different faculties; that which we perceive by the intervention or in consequence of a proof, and that which we perceive immediately, and from the original laws of our constitution. The faculty by which we perceive truths of the first kind, is *Reason,* or "that faculty which ena- "bles us, from relations or ideas that are known, to in- "vestigate such as are unknown, and without which we "never could proceed in the discovery of truth a single "step beyond first principles, or intuitive axioms." To that faculty, on the other hand, by which we perceive truths of the second kind, or self-evident truths, he assigns the name of *Common Sense,* and he employs this term to denote "that power of the mind which perceives "truth or commands belief, not by progressive argu- "mentation, but by an instantaneous, instinctive, and "irresistible impulse, derived neither from education "nor from habit, but from nature." As it acts independently of our will, whenever its object is presented, according to an established law of the mind, he considers it to be properly a *sense:* and as it acts in a similar manner upon all mankind, when in fair and natural circumstances, he considers it as properly called *common sense.*

From this exposition of his principles, Dr Beattie proceeds, in the *second chapter,* to show, "That all rea- "soning, in fact, terminates in first principles; and that "all evidence is ultimately intuitive, or perceived by

"that power of mind which he distinguishes by the "name of *Common Sense.*" To substantiate this fundamental principle of his doctrine, he enters into a long and luminous illustration of its truth, from the general experience of mankind in the various species of evidence. He considers, in separate articles, the nature of that evidence which takes place in mathematical science; the evidence of our external senses, of consciousness, and of memory; the evidence which governs our reasoning from the effect to the cause; the evidence which takes place in probable and in analogical reasoning; and, finally, that species of evidence which determines our belief in human testimony. And from this wide and comprehensive induction, he arrives at last at the following conclusions: "That unless we believe many things "without proof, we never can believe any thing at all: "that all sound reasoning must ultimately rest on the "principles of *common sense*, that is, on principles intui- "tively certain, or intuitively probable: and, conse- "quently, that common sense is the ultimate judge of "truth, to which reason must continually act in subor- "dination."

II. Having thus ascertained the existence of certain ultimate truths, which are perceived by an appropriate faculty of the human mind, and upon which it thus appears that all reasoning, in fact, is founded, Dr Beattie goes on, in the second part of his work, to establish these conclusions, by the actual experience of all legitimate

philosophy, and by the practice of all those who have been the most successful in the investigation of truth. For this purpose, he exemplifies his doctrines by the instances of mathematical and physical science, in which it is universally acknowledged, that the greatest advances of human discovery have been made. He shews, that in the former of these sciences, all reasoning rests upon intuitive evidence, and in the latter, upon the evidence of sense; and that if the mathematician or natural philosopher had deserted these grounds of their reasoning, or doubted of the evidence they convey, their several sciences must have stopped in the threshold, and degenerated into verbal and unproductive controversy. It is from this satisfactory illustration, that Dr Beattie goes on, with great advantage, to the analysis of that sceptical philosophy, which it was the great end of his labours to combat. For this end, he enters, in the second chapter, into an historical account of the progress of this philosophy in modern times, from its first appearance in the works of Des Cartes, to its final completion in the writings of Mr Hume. He shews, that its principles are directly the reverse of those which have governed the investigations of the mathematician and the natural philosopher; that it substitutes the evidence of reasoning for that of common sense: that its essence consists in the rejection of all those ultimate truths, upon the admission of which the certainty of all other sciences is founded; and that it terminates in conclusions, which contradict all the most genuine and univer-

sal principles of human belief. To illustrate the nature of this sceptical system still farther, he selects two remarkable examples of the doctrines of the sceptical philosophy, and of the mode of reasoning by which they are supported, viz. *the doctrines of the non-existence of matter*, and *of the necessity of human actions*. And from the analysis of these reasonings, he shews, that, in common with all the reasonings of this philosophical system, they are marked by these peculiar characteristics: "That the doc-" trines they are intended to establish, are contradictory " to the general belief of all men in all ages: that " though enforced and supported with singular subtilty, " and though admitted by some professed philosophers, " they do not produce that conviction which sound rea-" soning never fails to produce in the intelligent mind: " and, lastly, that really to believe, and to act from a " real belief, of such doctrines and reasonings, must be " attended with fatal consequences to science, to virtue, " to human society, and to all the important interests of " mankind."

III. In the third part, under the appearance of answering the objections which he anticipates, Dr Beattie pursues, with great force, his argument, against that system of sceptical philosophy which he had before analysed.

In the first chapter, in replying to the objection, "That his system tends to discourage freedom of inqui-" ry, and to encourage implicit faith;" he distinguishes

between that implicit faith, which consists in acquiescence with the doctrines of men, and that which consists in acquiescence with the fundamental laws of intellectual and moral belief; and shews, that as the last is the foundation of all legitimate philosophy, it is that also which alone his doctrine encourages and promotes.

To a second objection, "That his system of philoso-" phy is not strictly according to logic, or some of the " established laws of that science," he replies, by admitting the objection; but by distinguishing between that technical logic which has obtained in the schools, and that rational logic which is founded on the knowledge of the faculties of man, and the established laws of his constitution. With the last of these, he shews, that his system is entirely consistent, and that it agrees in its principles with that enlightened system of investigation which was recommended by Lord Bacon: and in the illustration of this important subject, he enters, in the second chapter, into a long and ingenious disquisition, to shew, that the logic of the schoolmen was the legitimate parent of the modern system of scepticism; that the principles of both are to doubt of every thing, and to consider every thing as a subject of dispute; that the investigations in both are chiefly supported either by the illusion of words, or the evidence of a narrow and partial induction; and that they both lead to conclusions contrary either to experience, or to truths of the most indisputable authority.

In the concluding chapter, in answer to the objection,

"That he has represented the consequences of meta-
"physical error as more fatal than they are found to be
"in fact," Dr Beattie enters into a warm and eloquent display of the reality of these consequences. He shews, that the system which he has combated, is hostile equally to the moral and the intellectual character of man; that it establishes a method of reasoning, sufficient to overturn every truth upon which his virtue or his piety is rested; and that no man can adopt it without losing all the convictions which can render human life either honourable or happy.

As the doctrines and language of the 'Essay on Truth' have met with some opposition by later writers, particularly by Dr Priestley and his followers, I had hoped to gratify my readers with some observations on that subject by my friend Mr Professor Stewart, who supports the great doctrines of Dr Reid and Dr Beattie, in the chair of moral philosophy in this university, with a force of reasoning, and a dignity of eloquence, altogether his own. But in this hope I have been disappointed, by some unavoidable interruptions to which Mr Stewart has been exposed, that have put it out of his power to fulfil his intention. I should the more have lamented this misfortune, did I not trust that he may hereafter give those observations a place in some of his own compositions.

Mr Stewart's observations were to be communicated to me in a letter, of which he had only been able to

prepare the rough draught: but the account of Dr Beattie's mode of writing on philosophical subjects, and the eloquent encomium with which he meant to wind up the whole, are so truly characteristic of my deceased friend, that I cannot resist the desire of inserting them here.

"* * * * * In a work professedly polemical," says Mr Stewart, "it was impossible for the author to aim at unity or at elegance of design; but what was really practicable, he appears to me to have executed with an uncommon degree of skill and judgment; arranging his materials in a distinct and luminous order, and leading the attention agreeably from one part of his argument to another, by those happy transitions, which form one of the chief secrets in the art of composition;—above all, enlivening and adorning his important subject, (so unattractive in itself to the generality of readers,) by a power of varied and happy illustration, peculiarly characteristical of his own genius. * * * * *

"These critical remarks on the 'Essay on Truth,' I must request you to observe," says Mr Stewart, "do not in the least affect the essential merits of that very valuable performance; and I have stated them with the greater freedom, because your late excellent friend possessed so many other unquestionable claims to high distinction—as a moralist, as a critic, as a grammarian, as a pure and classical writer, and, above all, as the author

of *The Minstrel.* In any one of the different paths to which his ambition has led him, it would not perhaps be difficult to name *some* of his contemporaries by whom he has been surpassed; but where is the individual to be found, who has aspired with greater success to an equal variety of literary honours?

"I am happy to think, that the moral effect of his works is likely to be so powerfully increased by the Memoirs of his exemplary life, which you are preparing for the press; while the respect which the public already entertains for his genius and talents, cannot fail to be blended with other sentiments still more flattering to his memory, when it is known with what fortitude and resignation he submitted to a series of trials, far exceeding those which fall to the common lot of humanity; and that the most vigorous exertions of his mind were made, under the continued pressure of the severest domestic affliction, which a heart like his could be doomed to suffer.

"* * * * * I regret the extravagant length to which this letter has insensibly extended; but I have no time to attempt an abridgment of its contents. I hope, however, (if you think any part of it worth a place in your Appendix,) that you may consider yourself as at perfect liberty to make whatever retrenchments may appear to you to be proper; marking with asterisks the place of any paragraph you may be pleased to omit, in order to account for the want of connection," &c. &c.

To Sir William Forbes, *Bart.*

Dr Beattie's philosophical writings may be properly divided into two classes, Moral and Critical. But *these* are so intimately blended in his works, as materially to support each other; and he loses no proper opportunity, even on subjects that seem least to promise him the means of enforcing moral truths, to impress upon the minds of his readers, such views of human nature as tend to ennoble the understanding, and improve the heart.

Besides his great work, his 'Essay on Truth,' *that* to which he owed the first dawn and subsequent advancement of his reputation as a moral philosopher, there still remains to be given, however, some account of his other Essays. I shall endeavour to do this as briefly as possible, and in such a manner, as that the reader, before he begins the perusal, may have some idea of what sort of instruction, or entertainment, he is likely to meet with.

In his first Essay, Dr Beattie has given some analysis of the sister arts of poetry and music, with a view to discover how they affect the mind. He was led, he says, to this dissertation, by having heard it urged, that taste is capricious, and criticism variable; and that the rules of Aristotle, being founded on the practice of Sophocles and Homer, ought not to be applied to poems of other ages and nations. He admits the plea, he says, as far as those rules are local and temporary; but asserts, that many of them, being founded in nature, are indispensible, and not to be violated without impropriety.

Notwithstanding its apparent licentiousness, he maintains, that true poetry is a thing perfectly rational and regular; and that nothing can be more strictly philosophical than *that* part of criticism may, and ought to be, which unfolds the general characters by which it is distinguished from other kinds of composition.

In the commencement of this Essay, Dr Beattie examines a question which has been a good deal agitated among the critics, What is the end of poetry; whether to give pleasure, or to convey instruction? and he decides in favour of the first. To instruct, he says, is an end common to all good writing. If the historian and philosopher accomplish this, they will be allowed to have acquitted themselves well: but the poet must do a great deal for the sake of pleasure only; and if he fail to please, he may deserve praise on other accounts, but as a poet he has done nothing. Having occasion, in the course of this disquisition, to mention Dryden, he delivers his opinion of that great genius; gives a character of his writings at considerable length, and draws a very masterly comparison between him and Pope.

In his second chapter, speaking of the standard of poetical invention, he takes occasion to introduce an animated and beautiful eulogium on the advantages and pleasure to be derived from the study and contemplation of the works of nature; a theme on which he delighted much to expatiate. In this disquisition, he introduces a character of Swift and some of his writings, particularly his *Gulliver's Travels*, the latter part of which he

severely reprobates. In his next chapter, he shows, that poetry exhibits a state of nature somewhat different from the reality of things; and this he illustrates by a variety of observations drawn from contemplating the human character. In the prosecution of this subject, he takes occasion to enter into some examination of the divine poems of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, and of the merit of the characters found in each.

Connected with the subject of poetry, Dr Beattie next introduces into this Essay, remarks on music, as it affects the mind: and here he first examines the question, Whether music be an imitative art? which he resolves in the negative. This he illustrates by a variety of the happiest observations, drawn from the nature of the human mind, as well as the practice of the best masters, both in music and poetry.

In his following section he enquires, How the pleasures we derive from music are to be accounted for? He is well aware, he says, of the difficulty of this question; he therefore promises nothing more than a few cursory remarks. Yet into these remarks he has contrived to introduce a variety of reflections, founded in sound sense, in true philosophy, a love of virtue, and consummate knowledge of human nature.

Then follows a section on the peculiarities of national music; in the course of which he particularly examines the two very different species of music peculiar to the Highlands and southern parts of Scotland; and shows how they naturally accord with the face of the country

in those opposite regions. This section will be perused with interest by every native of Scotland. It is here that he has introduced a disquisition on the *Second Sight*, which he justly treats as a visionary, though popular, belief in the Highlands of Scotland.

In the second part of this Essay, he treats, at considerable length, of *Poetical Language*, and introduces many ingenious, instructive, and pleasing elucidations, of epic, dramatic, and other species of poetry; and all this he illustrates by a variety of apposite examples from the most esteemed poems, both of ancient and modern times. Towards the close of this Essay, he enters, at considerable length, into an examination of the structure of verse. But for all this the reader must consult the Essay itself, which will afford him a high gratification.

Every reader of any taste will be struck with the observation, that, in this Essay on Poetry and Music, the language is more ornamented than in any other part of his philosophical works. I have elsewhere remarked, that although the characteristic qualities of Dr Beattie's style are perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance, it is far from being destitute of sublimity. Of that assertion, I have drawn most of my proofs from this very Essay.* And here it is curious to remark, the manner in which our philosophical poet has expressed the same sentiment in elegant and pathetic prose, and in chaste and harmo-

* Vide supra, p. 176.

nious verse. "It is strange," he says, "to observe the "callousness of some men, before whom all the glories "of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without "touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving "any durable remembrance. Even of those who pre- "tend to sensibility, how many are there, to whom the "lustre of the rising or setting sun; the sparkling con- "cave of the midnight sky; the mountain forest tossing "and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the me- "lodies of a summer-evening; the sweet interchange "of hill and dale, shade and sun-shine, grove, lawn, and "water, which an extensive landscape offers to the "view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, "and so tremendous; the many pleasing varieties of the "animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so "much real satisfaction, as the steams and noise of a "ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squalling of an "opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card- "table!" *

This is the very same sentiment with that so beautifully expressed in the 'Minstrel:'

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
"Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields!
"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
"The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,

* Essay on Poetry and Music, Part I. chap. ii. p. 369.

" All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
" And all that echoes to the song of even,
" All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
" And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
" O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"
Minstrel, Book I. Stanza IX.

His following Essay is on *Laughter*, in which he says, that, in tracing out the cause of laughter, he means rather to illustrate, than to confute the opinions of those who have already written on the same subject. Yet notwithstanding former discoveries, the following Essay, he thinks, may be found perhaps to contain something new, to throw light on certain points of criticism that have not been much attended to, and even to have some merit as a familiar example of philosophical induction, carried on with a strict regard to fact, and without any bias in favour of any theory.

He sets out with marking the distinction between *ridiculous* and *ludicrous* ideas, as both exciting *laughter*, although in different ways; and this leads him to divide *laughter* into two kinds, which he distinguishes into, what he calls, *animal* and *sentimental*. He then gives the several opinions, which different philosophers have entertained on the subject, Aristotle, Hobbes, Hutcheson, Akenside, and this leads him to enquire into the cause of laughter. In the course of these disquisitions, he has introduced and treated of a variety of literary

topics, which he has embellished with infinite art and critical skill; and in doing this, he has contrived, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, even from so unpromising a subject as *Laughter and Ludicrous Composition,* to introduce some moral disquisitions of great value, with characters of comedies, and satires, and novels, in such a manner, as to show the charms of virtue, the efficacy of religion, and the odious deformity of vice. In particular, he reprobates, with becoming zeal and propriety, all those attempts to excite ridicule and laughter, by parodies of scripture, and profane allusions to sacred things. His concluding chapter is an attempt to account for the superiority of the moderns, in ludicrous writing, over the ancients, where he clearly decides in favour of the former, and in proof of which he produces many ingenious arguments.

Upon the whole, this is an admirable Essay; displaying much knowledge of the human heart and understanding; and whence, whoever reads it with attention, will reap both entertainment and instruction in no ordinary measure.

The concluding Essay, in this volume, contains remarks on the utility of classical learning; in which he combats the absurd idea, that the study of Greek and Roman learning is of little or no value, and may very readily be dispensed with. He strongly urges all the usual arguments in support of his proposition, with perspicuity and force; and in the most satisfactory manner answers all the hackneyed objections that have been

brought forward by those, who undervalue classical learning, which, as Dr Beattie has justly observed, he, who is possessed of, would not relinquish on any consideration; and that those persons are most delighted with the antient writers, who understand them best.

Such were the Essays, which Dr Beattie added to that edition of the 'Essay on Truth,' published in 1776; and which, it must be allowed, were a very valuable present to his subscribers to that excellent performance.

He afterwards published, in the year 1783, 'Dissertations Moral and Critical,' of which I proceed to give some brief account.

They were first composed, as Dr Beattie tells in his preface, in a different form, being part of a course of prelections, read to those young gentlemen, whom it was his business to initiate in the elements of moral science. This, he hopes, will account for the frequent plainness of the style; for the introduction of practical and serious observations; and for a greater variety of illustration, than would have been requisite, if his hearers had been of riper years, or more accustomed to abstract enquiry. He had been desired to publish the whole system of lectures, but had been prevented by many considerations. He therefore gave only a few detached passages, and wished them to be considered as separate and distinct Essays. In treating of them, he wished to avoid all matters of nice curiosity, and confine himself to such as seem to promise amusement and practical information.

The first Essay is on *Memory and Imagination.* It commences with some general observations on the natural connection between the soul and body, while we remain in this world, as far as *memory* is concerned, which he justly considers as one of those peculiarities that distinguish man from the inferior animals.

In his first chapter, he marks the difference between *memory* and *imagination.* In his second chapter, he gives a general account of this faculty, its phenomena and laws, and shows, that the great art of *memory* is *attention.* This part of his subject he illustrates by a variety of lively and ingenious observations. Among other things, he gives an account of a curious invention, frequently spoken of by the old rhetoricians, under the name of *artificial memory,* which both Cicero and Quintilian mention, though neither of them so distinctly as could be wished. Of this, he gives what, he says, he conceives to be a description, but which, if just, he agrees with Quintilian that it was too complex; and I suppose it will be generally allowed, that to remember the art would require as great an exertion of thought and memory, as would be necessary to keep in mind the thing to be remembered. Here he introduces a dissertation on hand-writing, as connected with transcription, which he deems an useful help to memory. He then goes on to show the varieties of *memory;* and after having touched on these points, he gives us a very sensible chapter on the various methods of improving *memory,* which he concludes with a disqui-

sition on the oratory of the pulpit, the bar, and the senate, comparing the one mode of public speaking with the other; in the course of which he examines the question, whether sermons ought to be delivered from memory, or from a written copy, and clearly gives the preference to the latter: for which he quotes the authority of some of the most esteemed preachers of the church of England.* For the truth of this remark, he appeals to "those who have had the happiness to observe, and to feel, that sublime and apostolic simplicity, and that mild, though commanding energy, which distinguish both the composition and the pronunciation of a Porteus and a Hurd."†

The concluding chapter of this ingenious Essay is occupied with remarks on the memory of brutes, which he admits they enjoy in a certain degree. Yet with all the helps which animals derive from instinct, or from more acute organs of sense, how inferior, he exclaims, is the memory of the most intelligent brute to that of reasonable beings! The disproportion is almost infinite. He then gives an animated and brilliant eulogium on the extent and capacity of the human memory, and of the powers of which he gives a slight recapitulation in the most glowing colours. I lament that the plan and limited nature of this analysis forbid my giving here the whole of this beautiful passage; but I cannot resist the

* Dissert. Mor. and Critic. p. 47—57.

† The present Bishops of London and Worcester.

pleasure of quoting the sublime conclusion of this energetic address to his audience.

"Let us hence learn," says he, "to set a proper value on the dignity of the human soul; and to think of its intellectual faculties as inexpressibly superior, both in kind and in degree, to those of the animal world. If we be capable of endless improvement, (and what reason is there to believe that we are not,) surely our destination must be different from theirs; for the Author of Nature does nothing in vain; and an understanding, far more limited than that of man, would be sufficient for all the purposes of a creature, whose duration is circumscribed by the term of an hundred years. Our minds, therefore, must have been destined for scenes of improvement more extensive and glorious, than these below; and our being to comprehend periods more durable, than those that are measured out by the sun."*

In his subsequent Dissertation, on *Imagination*, Dr Beattie gives a general account of that faculty of the mind. He treats of the association of ideas, and the various causes whence it proceeds. He then introduces a disquisition on our ideas of beauty, for which he in part endeavours to account; and he has two chapters, the one containing remarks on *Genius*, and the other on *Taste* and its improvements, as they are connected with the *Imagination*. This dissertation, which is of consi-

* Dissertations Moral and Critical, p. 68.

derable length, will be deemed, I suspect, by most of his readers, at least it surely appears so to me, to be of rather too abstracted and metaphysical a nature. Yet it certainly contains much depth of thinking, and many proofs of original genius, as well as critical knowledge, which those readers, who are fond of such speculations, will peruse with pleasure. He concludes this Essay, by returning to the subject of *Imagination;* with some directions for a proper regulation of it. This last part of his subject is highly interesting, and very much intended for the use of studious and literary persons. Unhappily, he was but too well qualified, from his own melancholy experience, and the dreadful condition to which his own health had been reduced, by intense application to study, to treat on the evils attendant on a literary course of life. In the close of this Essay, he seizes, as usual, the opportunity of introducing a most beautiful eulogy on the genius and spirit of the Christian religion, in language so expressive and appropriate, that I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it here.

"Lastly," says Dr Beattie, "let those who wish to "preserve their imagination in a cheerful and healthy "state, cultivate piety, and guard against superstition; "by forming right notions of God's adorable being and "providence, and cherishing the correspondent affec- "tions of love, veneration, and gratitude. Superstition "is fierce and gloomy; but true Christianity gives glory "to the divine nature, and is most comfortable to the

" human. It teaches, that nothing happens, but by the " permission of Him, who is greatest, wisest, and best; " that the adversities which befal us may all be improv- " ed into blessings: that man is indeed a sinful crea- " ture; but that God has graciously provided for him " the means both of pardon and of happiness; that, if " we obey the Gospel, than which no system of doc- " trine can be more excellent in itself, or supported by " better evidence; *Our light afflictions, which are but for " a moment, shall work out for us an eternal weight of " glory;* for that when these transitory scenes disappear, " an endless state of things will commence, wherein " virtue shall triumph, and all her tears be wiped away " for ever; wherein there will be as much felicity, as the " most exalted benevolence can desire, and no more " punishment, than the most perfect justice will approve. " He who believes all this, and endeavours to act ac- " cordingly, must look upon the calamities of life as not " very material; and, while he retains the command of " his faculties, may have continually present to his ima- " gination the most sublime, and most transporting " views, that it is possible for a human being either to " wish for, or to comprehend.

" The divine Omnipotence ought at all times to in- " spire us with veneration and holy fear. By the sim- " plest means, or without any means, it can accomplish " the most important purposes. This very faculty of " imagination, the Deity can make to each of us, even

"in this world, the instrument of exquisite happiness, "or consummate misery, by setting before it the most "glorious objects of hope, or the most tremendous "images of despair. What a blessing are cheerful "thoughts, and a sound imagination! And what man "can say, that his imagination and thoughts are always, "or indeed at any time, in his own power? Let us, "therefore, learn humility, and seek the Divine favour "above all things. And while we endeavour to make a "right use of the rules he has prescribed, or gives us "grace to discover, for purifying and improving our "nature, let us look up for aid to Him, whose influence "alone can render them successful."*

His next Dissertation is that on *Dreaming*. Of this production he was himself exceedingly fond: and yet it cannot be said, I think, to add much to our stock of ideas. The truth is, Dr Beattie was a great observer of his own dreams, and therefore has probably attached more importance to the subject than any thing so much out of our own power may seem to deserve. An abridgment of this Dissertation on Dreaming is inserted in the 'Mirror,' Nos. 73 and 74, and it is mentioned above, Vol. II. p. 235.

Dr Beattie's next, and by much his longest and most elaborate, Dissertation, is that on the *Theory of Language*. It combines, indeed, much learning and great knowledge of the human mind, with deep philosophical

* Dissertations Moral and Critical, p. 205.

research; and as it was a subject which he had studied profoundly, he seems to have treated it with more than common ability, so as to have left little for the scholar to wish for.

He has divided his Dissertation into two parts, in which he treats,

1. Of the Origin and General Nature of Speech.
2. Of Universal Grammar.

The faculty of speech, he says, to what class soever of human powers we refer it, is one of the distinguishing characters of our nature; none of the inferior animals being in any degree possessed of it. For we must not call by the name of *speech* that imitation of human articulate voice, which parrots and some other birds are capable of; speech implying thought and consciousness, and the power of separating and arranging our ideas, which are faculties peculiar to rational minds. That some inferior animals should be able to mimic human articulation, will not seem wonderful, when we recollect, that even by machines certain words have been articulated; but that the parrot should annex thought to the word he utters, is as unlikely as that a machine should do so. *Rogue* and *knave* are uttered by every parrot; but the ideas they stand for are incomprehensible, except by beings endued with reason and a moral faculty.

It has, however, been a common opinion, and is probable enough, that there may be, among irrational animals, something which, by a *figure*, we may call *language*: some mode by which one animal can make his

thoughts, his intentions, and his wishes, known to another of his own species. This is so well authenticated, as scarcely to admit of a doubt.* Pope has elegantly employed the epithet *half-reasoning elephant* to this purpose, even as the instinctive economy of bees is figuratively called *government*. This at least is evident, that the natural voices of one animal are in some degree intelligible, or convey particular feelings or impulses to others of the same species. To dogs and horses, and even to other creatures of less sagacity, the voice of their master soon becomes familiar; and they learn to perform certain actions, on receiving certain audible or visible signals from those whom they are wont to obey. This, however, is a proof rather of their docility, and of the quickness of their eye and ear, than of any intelligence in regard to language; and these, and the like animal voices, have no analogy with human speech. For, first, men speak by art and imitation, whereas the voices in question are wholly instinctive: for, that a dog, which had never heard another bark, would notwithstanding bark himself, admits of no doubt; and that a man, who had never heard any language, would not speak any, is equally certain.

After having treated, somewhat anatomically, of the organs of speech, and the manner in which it is formed, Dr Beattie proceeds to consider the English alphabet;

* See the remarkable anecdote of the gentleman's dog at St Alban's, mentioned in Bingley's 'Animal Biography," Vol. I. p. 226.

and, in the course of this disquisition, he introduces the art of teaching those who are deaf and dumb to speak. He has also a chapter on the numbers and measures of English poetry, as depending on emphasis; their number and varieties, illustrated in a very entertaining manner, by apposite examples.

Dr Beattie then examines the absurdity of the Epicurean doctrine of the origin of language, that it is of human invention; and he proves, that if ever there was a time when all mankind were, as the Epicureans supposed, *mutum et turpe pecus*, a dumb and brutal race of animals, all mankind must, in the ordinary course of things, have continued dumb to this day. For, to such animals, speech could not be necessary; as they are supposed to have existed for ages without it: and it is not to be imagined, that dumb and beastly savages would ever think of contriving unnecessary arts, whereof they had no example in the world around them, which they had never felt any inconvenience from the want of, and which never had been attempted by other animals. Speech, therefore, it is clear, if invented at all, must have been invented, either by children, who were incapable of invention, or by men who were incapable of speech; and, therefore, reason, as well as history, intimates, that mankind in all ages must have been *speaking animals*; the young having constantly acquired this art by imitating those who were elder. And we may warrantably suppose, that our first parents must have received it by immediate inspiration from the Almighty.

He then gives some account of the art of writing; its importance and origin; different sorts of it practised by different nations; a short history of printing: all of which topics he discusses in a brief but agreeable and amusing manner; and here he ends his first part. His second part of the *Theory of Language* treats at great length of *Universal Grammar*, in a very elaborate, philological disquisition, in which he acknowledges his obligations to Mr Harris, the author of '*Hermes*,' and to Lord Monboddo, on '*The Origin and Progress of Language*,' although he occasionally differs from both these learned writers. He also mentions our countryman, the late Mr Thomas Ruddiman, with much respect; whom he characterises as the most accurate of all grammarians. He goes through, and examines with much care, the various parts of speech, with an eye to the knowledge of universal grammar, and leaves nothing unexamined that he thinks may illustrate the subject; a more minute analysis of it here, however, would be foreign from my present purpose.

His next Dissertation is of a much more popular and entertaining nature, on *Fable and Romance*. In the commencement of this dissertation, he has some general remarks on the nature of *Fable*, as a vehicle for the conveyance of moral instruction, such as, Jothan's parable of the trees choosing a king, in the book of 'Judges,' and the famous apologue of a contention between the parts of the human body, by which Menenius Agrippa satisfied the people of Rome, that the welfare

of the state depended on the union of the several members of it. He then descants on the Greek apologues ascribed to Æsop, and the Latin ones of Phædrus, as masterpieces in this way of writing; which have hardly been equalled by the best of our modern fabulists. He then takes notice, that the Oriental nations have long been famous for fabulous narrative; which he accounts for from the indolence peculiar to the genial climates of Asia, and the luxurious life which the kings and other great men of those countries lead in their seraglios, which have made them seek for this sort of amusement, and set a high value on it. And here he mentions the celebrated collection of Oriental fables, commonly called, 'The Arabian Nights Entertainment, or, the 'Thousand and One Tales.'

This leads him to take notice, that in the 'Spectator,' 'Rambler,' and 'Adventurer,' there are many fables in the Eastern manner, most of them very pleasing, and of a moral tendency. 'Rasselas' by Johnson, and 'Almoran and Hamet' by Hawkesworth, are celebrated performances in this way. Addison excels in this sort of fable; and the *Vision of Mirza* in the 'Spectator,' is the finest piece of the kind any where to be met with.

Dr Beattie, proceeding in his Dissertation, divides modern prose fable into two kinds, the *Allegorical* and *Poetical*. The first he subdivides into the *Historical* and the *Moral*, and the second into the *Serious* and the *Comic*. Of these four species of modern fable he treats in

their order, illustrating his subject with apposite and pleasing examples; in the course of which he gives the characters of a number of our most celebrated and popular productions of this nature: and, according to his uniform practice, omitting no opportunity of checking vice, and enforcing a love of virtue and religion. Thus, in speaking of Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels,' and 'Tale of a Tub,' while he does ample justice to the wit, the humour, the satire, so largely to be found in those celebrated performances, Dr Beattie reprobates with the utmost severity, as he had already done on a former occasion, (see p. 257.) the plan of the author, who, in the last of the four voyages, has exerted himself to the utmost in an absurd and abominable fiction, presenting us with rational beasts and irrational men, in direct contradiction to the most obvious laws of nature; and because there must be something of an irreligious tendency in a work, which, like this, ascribes the perfection of reason and of happiness to a race of beings who are said to be destitute of every religious idea. But what is yet worse, if any thing can be worse, this tale represents human nature itself as the object of contempt and abhorrence. "Let the ridicule of wit," says Dr Beattie, "be pointed at the follies, and let the scourge of satire "be brandished at the crimes of mankind; all this is "both pardonable and praiseworthy, because it may be "done with a good intention, and produce good effects. "But when a writer endeavours to make us dissatisfied "with that Providence who has made us what we are,

"and whose dispensations towards the human race are "so peculiarly and so divinely beneficent, such a writer, "in so doing, proves himself the enemy, not of man on- "ly, but of goodness itself; and his work can never be "allowed to be innocent."

The 'Tale of a Tub,' Dr Beattie goes on to say, is another allegorical fable, by the same masterly hand; and, like the former, supplies no little matter, both of admiration and of blame. As a piece of humorous writing it is unequalled. The subject is religion; but the allegory, under which he typifies the *Reformation*, is too mean for an argument of so great dignity; and tends to produce in the mind of the reader, some very disagreeable associations of the most solemn truths with ludicrous ideas.

Dr Beattie now enters on what he considers as the chief part of his subject, the rise and progress of the *Modern Romance*, or *Poetical Prose Fable*, which, being connected with so many topics of importance, if fully illustrated, he says, would throw great light upon the history and politics, the manners and the literature, of these latter ages.

In the progress of his Dissertation, accordingly, he gives a most instructive, distinct, and concise, account of the state of Europe during what are called the *dark* or *middle ages*, of those northern nations who over-ran the Roman empire, of the form of policy introduced by them, which is commonly called the feudal government; this government it was, which, among many

other strange institutions, gave rise to chivalry, and it was chivalry which gave birth and form to that sort of fabulous writing which we term *Romance*. Here he gives a most entertaining account of the *Knights-errant*, who flourished at this time in Europe, of the *Crusades*, of the *Troubadours* and *Jongleurs*, and of the revival of letters in Italy and the southern provinces of France.

After having discussed these various topics briefly, but in a most agreeable and entertaining manner, he comes to the modern *Serious and Comic Romance*, which he analyses with great exactness, but with a degree of minuteness through which it is impossible here to follow him, while he criticises and characterises Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, pointing out the respective merits and defects of each in a very masterly manner. He concludes this Dissertation with the following very just and useful observations: "Let not the usefulness of ro-"mance-writing," says he, "be estimated by the length "of my discourse upon it. *Romances* are a dangerous "recreation. A few, no doubt, may be friendly to good "taste and good morals; but far the greater part are "unskilfully written, and tend to corrupt the heart and "stimulate the passions. A habit of reading them "breeds a dislike to history, and all the substantial "parts of knowledge; withdraws the attention from na-"ture and truth, and fills the mind with extravagant "thoughts, and too often with criminal propensities. "I would, therefore, caution my young readers," says he, "against them; or if he must, for the sake of

" amusement, and that he may have something to say " on the subject, indulge himself in this way now and " then, let it be sparingly and seldom."

Dr Beattie's next Dissertation is on the 'Attachments of Kindred.'

He prefaces this Essay with a note, in which he tells us, that there are modern authors, who, from an excessive admiration of the Greek policy, seem to have formed erroneous opinions in regard to some of the points touched on in this discourse. With a view to those opinions, the discourse was written several years ago. Afterwards, when a book called 'Thelyphthora' appeared, he had thoughts, he says, of enlarging these remarks, so as to make them comprehend an examination of it. This the authors of the 'Monthly Review' rendered unnecessary, by giving a very ingenious, learned, and decisive, confutation of that profligate system. He therefore publishes his Essay, he says, as it was first written; satisfied that Mr Madan's book, whatever private immoralities it may promote among the licentious and ignorant, will have no weight with the public, nor deserve farther animadversion.

In this Dissertation we do not indeed meet with any thing very knew. The usual arguments in favour of marriage, and against polygamy, on the mutual relations between parent and child, and the various systems that have been formed by legislators respecting education, are detailed with precision, and in a most agreeable manner. Upon the whole, his general conclusion is,

that the present system, according to which society is constituted in modern Europe, is the most congenial to our nature, and the most productive of virtue, as well as happiness, to mankind.

His concluding Dissertation is entitled, 'Illustrations of Sublimity;' in which he has unfolded in a very pleasing manner, and explained by well-chosen examples, chiefly from the poets, the true principles of sublimity, as they are founded in human nature. This is an excellent Essay.

Note [Z.] Vol. II. p. 144.

The Reverend George Carr, the exellent man who is the subject of this note, was born at Newcastle, 16th February, 1704, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after his return to Newcastle he went into orders, and in the year 1737 was appointed senior clergyman of the episcopal chapel at Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days; and officiated for the space of nine-and-thirty years, during three-and-twenty of which I had the happiness of being his very constant hearer. Of his merit as a preacher, his posthumous discourses bear ample testimony. They do not indeed contain the profound, though somewhat abstracted, reasonings of Butler, nor the laboured but elegant discussions of Sherlock, neither the learning of Tillotson, nor

the declamation of Seed; but they exhibit the most useful and important truths of the Gospel, not only with plainness and perspicuity, but in language always elegant, and seldom incorrect. I may even go farther, and add, that Mr Carr's style often rises into eloquence; and that in its general features, of plainness without vulgarity, and earnestness without bombast, in its equal distance from obscurity, and from useless amplification, it exhibits no common model of that sober and chastened eloquence, which ought ever to be studied in discourses of the pulpit.

In each discourse he makes choice of one single topic of belief or practice, which he illustrates and enforces by all the principal motives that can be urged, neither too briefly, so as to leave his argument imperfect, nor at so great length as to give no room for any addition by an attentive and well-informed reader. His discourses are in a peculiar manner distinguished by the most engaging spirit of charity, of moderation, of benevolence, continually inculcating the love of God and our neighbour as the sum of the law; and recommending the government and regulation of our appetites, passions, and affections, as the best method of securing happiness on earth, as well as hereafter.

If Mr Carr's composition can be deemed in any respect negligent or incorrect, it is chiefly from a degree of redundancy, when he occasionally repeats the same thought, though almost always with a variety of expression; a fault, if it be a fault, that passed unnoticed in

the pulpit, for which alone these discourses were originally intended, and which he would no doubt have corrected, had he lived to prepare them for publication. His delivery, though not animated, was graceful and pleasing; and though it might be said to border somewhat on monotony, those of my readers who remember it will agree with me in the declaration, that he never failed to engage and preserve the attention of his hearers; and that every word he uttered, every doctrine he taught, every virtue he recommended, came strongly enforced by the purity of his morals, and the exemplary piety of his blameless life. With all the good-breeding of a gentleman, he was a cheerful, entertaining companion; and though his manners were most irreproachable, they had no tincture of either rigour or austerity. His patient suffering under the most excruciating tortures of the gout, with which, though extremely temperate, he had been for many years violently afflicted, was most exemplary; and cannot be better illustrated than by the following private letter to one of his oldest and most intimate friends, written a few weeks before his death, the copy of which was found among his papers. I feel a pleasure in inserting it, as so strongly characteristic of my departed friend.

"I ought much sooner to have acknowledged your "last letter; but indisposition must be my apology. I "flattered myself, that after a succession of fits of the "gout from January to June, I should have had an in- "terval of health this summer as usual; but this is not

"the case: and I fear I am doomed to a perpetual "gout, either fixed or wandering. If it were in my op- "tion, I do not know whether I should chuse to hold "existence upon these terms. I own to you, I am one "of those, who would not wish to run the race of life "over again, if the ground were to be marked out pre- "cisely with the same pleasures and pains. I shudder "when I look forward to winter, and take a view of the "terrible road I expect to pass. But I shall then pro- "bably be near the ending post; and then, adieu to "pain. Then, I hope, existence will become extreme- "ly eligible; for surely it was meant upon the whole a "favour to every created being. The Creator would "never have introduced us into existence, if he saw that "we should be sufferers by it. He, who has the sole dis- "posal of pleasures and pains, and can weigh them with "the utmost accuracy, will certainly order matters so, "that the former shall at last preponderate. But no "more of these grave reflections. I have the pleasure "to inform you," * * * &c. &c.

In this heavenly frame of mind he continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his sacred function, calmly looking for, but not soliciting, his dissolution, until the morning of Sunday the 18th August, 1776, when, after having selected the discourse which he meant that day to deliver from the pulpit, he suddenly expired. An awful warning to those who survive! For how few like him are so well prepared for a summons so unlooked for? yet how uncertain are we, that the

same sudden fate may not be our own! How studious, then, ought we to be, that our lives, like his, may be pure and uncorrupted by the business, the follies, the vices, of the world, so that when God shall require our souls of us, we may not be surprised in an hour when we are least thinking of it.

His widow did me the honour to put his manuscripts into my hands, from which, with the assistance of a friend, I made choice of those volumes now in print, as the most finished, and therefore the most proper for publication. I accepted of this task with singular pleasure, and endeavoured to execute it with care and attention. It made me happy to contribute in any way to the perpetuating the memory, and rendering the virtues and the talents more extensively known, of one with whose friendship I had been honoured during many years. The veneration I shall ever retain for the memory of this excellent man, will plead my excuse, I trust, for having dwelt longer on this character than might otherwise seem necessary.

Note [AA.] Vol. II. p. 152.

This reference applies equally with that at [Y.] to the same volume of 'Dissertations Moral and Critical.'

Note [BB.] Vol. II. p. 181.

A similar reference to the same person with that at [R.] Vol. I. p. 194.

Note [CC.] Vol. II. p. 191.

Mr Garrick was born 28th February, 1716. His father, Captain Garrick, a gentleman of respectable character, on retiring from the army, fixed his residence at Lichfield, where his son received his education, the latter part of it at an academy opened in that neighbourhood by the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson; whence, notwithstanding the disparity of years, an intimate friendship commenced between these two eminent men, which lasted during the rest of their lives.

Johnson not succeeding, however, with his academy, young Garrick and he resolved to try their fortunes in London; whither they accordingly repaired in spring, 1737. In thus relating their first outsetting together, it is curious to remark the diversity of their subsequent fortunes in the world; and I believe it was not without envy, as well as indignation, that Dr Johnson saw his fellow-traveller start at once into celebrity, and speedily amass a large fortune, by the exercise of a profession which he always affected to view with some contempt;

while he himself, who rose to the first station in literature, continued in poverty during the greatest part of his long life; and, after struggling with all the hardships attendant on the profession of a mere author, condemned to write for daily bread, arrived, even at last, at no more than a very moderate income.

Garrick's original destination was the bar; and on his arrival in London he was entered of Lincoln's-Inn. He soon, however, abandoned the pursuit of the law, as well as of business, in which he had made an unsuccessful attempt as a wine-merchant. Having now lost both his father and mother, however, (to whose feelings he had hitherto sacrificed his own inclinations) he found himself at liberty to indulge his darling passion for the stage, and he prepared himself in earnest for that employment, in which nature meant him so highly to excel. His diffidence prevented him from appearing at first on a London theatre; and he embraced the opportunity of commencing his noviciate, by acting with a company of players at Ipswich, in summer, 1741. His first character was Aboan, in 'Southern's ' Oroonoko,' which he performed under the assumed name of Lyddall. The applause he met with was equal to his most sanguine wishes; and he afterwards frequently appeared there in the course of the season, with a success which answered all his views in this distant noviciate.

After having thus tried his powers, and having studied with great assiduity a variety of parts, he ventured, on the 19th October, 1741, to present himself before a

London audience, at the theatre in Goodman's-Fields, in the character of Richard the Third. His performance was received, not only with approbation but astonishment. The same play was repeated six or seven times successively. And such was the universal applause which followed this young actor, that the more established houses of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden were deserted: he drew after him to the city the fashionable inhabitants of St James's; and the coaches of the nobility were to be seen, says one of his biographers,* from Temple-Bar to White-Chapel. Nor was this merely the fashion of a day; they who had seen the most esteemed actors, the Booths, the Wilkes's, and the Cibbers of former times, confessed, that he had exceeded all of them in the variety of his exhibitions, and equalled the ablest of them in the most appropriate of their parts.

The versatility of his talents was probably beyond example in the history of the stage. He was distinguished, not only in the most eminent of Shakespeare's tragic characters, to which he peculiarly bent the whole energy of his powers, Macbeth, Lear, Richard, Hamlet; but he was unrivalled, also, in the comic parts of Benedick, Bayes, Ranger, Sir John Brute, Abel Drugger, and many others of a similar description. To those who were accustomed to the stage as it then appeared, he broke forth at once as a theatrical meteor, banishing

* Davies's 'Life of Garrick,' Vol. 1. p. 48.

rant, bombast, and grimace, and restoring nature, ease, simplicity, and genuine humour. And it is Garrick's best eulogy, that although we have seen a Mrs Cibber, a Mrs Pritchard, a Mrs Barry, a Mrs Yates, a Mrs Siddons, all of them great *actresses* in their various ways, no *actor* has appeared since his day, (I speak it without derogation of any, either living or dead,) who, in my mind at least, has possessed the art of expressing with equal force the effusions of comic gaiety and of tragic terror, or who deserves, in these respects, to be placed at all in competition with him. Nor is it without a more than ordinary degree of emotion, that, at this long interval, I now retrace, " in my mind's eye," the various scenes in which I have so often beheld him with supreme delight, and remember that these matchless exhibitions can be seen no more.

As a manager, a situation which Mr Garrick held at Drury-Lane theatre during many years, the stage owed him great obligations for the decorum which he preserved in the pieces that were represented; banishing all those of an improper tendency, which the licentious temper of a former age had suffered to appear. As a comic writer, too, he enriched the stage with several pieces of distinguished merit; and his prologues and epilogues, as well as several small pieces of lighter poetry, are excellent of their kind.

After having thus continued, during the long period of five-and-thirty years, to delight the public with his unrivalled excellence in his profession, finding his bodi-

ly health much broken, while his powers of acting were still unimpaired, he wisely formed the resolution of retiring from the stage; which I saw him do on the 10th June, 1776. He lived but a short time after, and died 20th January, 1779.

Beside the public applause and admiration, of which Mr Garrick enjoyed so large a share, he had the happiness to possess the friendship of a numerous and splendid circle of those who were most eminent for rank, fortune, and literary accomplishments, of his time. As he had acquired an opulent fortune, he lived with splendid hospitality; and his convivial powers made him the delight of every company of which he made a part. Johnson, after having borne this emphatic testimony in favour of Garrick's superior merit on the stage, "that he "was the only actor he had ever seen, whom he could "call a master both in tragedy and comedy," concluded with this compliment to his social talents, "and after "all, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than "at the head of a table:"* a sentiment, in which it appears both Mrs Montagu and Dr Beattie entirely concurred.

It is with pleasure, too, that I add another testimony of Johnson's in his favour, of a more valuable nature: When Garrick was accused of avarice, Johnson said, "I know that Garrick has given away more money

* Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Vol. IV. p. 253. 8vo ed. 4th.

" than any man in England that I am acquainted with; " and that not from ostentatious views." *

I have always deemed it a piece of good fortune, that I had the opportunity of being introduced to Mr Garrick's acquaintance; and while I shared with the world in the admiration of his public talents, of witnessing the fascination of his manners in private life.

Note [DD.] Vol. II. p. 232.

The publication of the 'Mirror' was undertaken at Edinburgh by a set of friends, chiefly of the Scottish bar, whose attachment to literary pursuits was congenial; and who, meeting frequently in the intercourse of business or society, found their conversation insensibly turn upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature; until by one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. These es-

* Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Vol. III. p. 72. 8vo ed. 4th.

It has been told to me by a friend, who heard Sir William Jones relate, that he went in the same coach with Dr Johnson to Mr Garrick's funeral, and that he employed the whole time in going from the Adelphi, where Garrick's house was, to Westminster-Abbey, in pronouncing a studied eulogy upon his deceased friend, of which Sir William particularly remembered the following expression: " Mr Garrick and his pro- " fession have been equally indebted to each other. His profession made " him rich, and he made his profession respectable." This was well said, in Johnson's best manner, and deserves not to be forgotten.

says thus assumed the form; and soon after, some one suggested the idea of a periodical paper. Having resolved to print their lucubrations, the selection of materials for their work afforded them a most agreeable amusement; and they constituted themselves into a club, which met and decided on the merits of those pieces, which, like the lion's mouth of their predecessor the 'Spectator,' were conveyed to them anonymously through the hands of their publisher, as well as those furnished by themselves.

The very respectable list, prefixed to the later editions, of the names of the authors of each paper, shows of what distinguished characters this literary society consisted: and it is not a little remarkable, that of those essayists, no fewer than six either are, or have been, Judges of the supreme courts of law in Scotland;* other members of the society were equally respectable for talents and literary accomplishments.

The gentlemen who thus associated themselves for the entertainment of the public, by these periodical papers, conscious of the advantage, indeed of the necessity at first, of concealment, kept themselves entirely unknown, even to their publisher, until the whole was finished, when concealment had ceased to be necessary; as the public approbation had left them no longer under any apprehension as to the reception which their labours

* Lord Abercromby, Lord Craig, and Lord Cullen, were original members of the club, or association. Lord Hailes, Mr Baron Gordon, and Lord Woodhouselee, contributed papers as correspondents.

would meet with from the world. The intercourse between them and their publisher was carried on by Mr Henry Mackenzie, from whom he received the manuscript from time to time, although he knew that others beside that gentleman were engaged in the undertaking. Mr Mackenzie, who not only undertook the general conduct of the work, but who also contributed more papers to the common stock than any other member of the association, was well known to the literary world by various pieces, which had been extremely well received. The first was an ethic epistle, printed anonymously, by the title of the 'Pursuits of Happiness;' a poem of very considerable merit, especially when considered as the production of so young a writer. His next work had drawn to its author much attention, and had stamped him with the character of a writer of original genius, and distinguished talents. It was his well-known novel, 'The Man of Feeling;' of the public approbation of which, the best proof is its having gone through so great a number of editions. He had also published two other novels, 'Julia de Roubigné,' and 'The Man of the World,' which have been favourably received, and of which new editions continue to be called for: and he had brought on the stage at Edinburgh, in the year 1773, a tragedy named the 'Prince of Tunis,' where it had the advantage of the great powers of that capital actress Mrs Yates, but has never since been revived.

I have said elsewhere,* that periodical papers are a species of publication almost peculiar to England, although Dr Beattie observes, that some of Seneca's epistles are compositions of the same character. A few years ago, an attempt was made in France, by the celebrated novelist Mad. Riccoboni, to introduce a periodical paper at Paris, under the title of 'L'Abeille;' but it did not succeed, and only three numbers were printed. The first series of these popular essays that appeared in England, the first (at least of any great reputation) was the 'Tatler,' projected and begun by Sir Richard Steele, who soon received a powerful co-adjutor in Mr Addison. The 'Tatler' was followed by the 'Spectator,' of which, as also of the 'Guardian,' the principal writers were Steele and Addison, with the occasional assistance of Pope, Budgell, Lord Hardwicke, and Dr Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, who only died the 29th June, 774, beyond the eighty-fifth year of his age, and was the last surviving writer of the 'Spectator.' From the publication of those three celebrated papers, of which the 'Spectator' is, I think, generally allowed to be the best, and Addison unquestionably entitled to the preference as a writer, an interval of almost forty years intervened before any paper of pre-eminent merit made its appearance, when the 'Rambler,' and afterwards the 'Idler,' were published by Dr Johnson. Then appeared the 'Adventurer'† by Dr Hawkesworth, with some

* See supra, p. 237. † Ibid.

assistance from Dr Johnson and Mr Warton; which was succeeded by the 'World,' chiefly written by Mr Moore, Mr Jenyns, Mr Cambridge, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole (Lord Orford), Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes). The 'Connoisseur' was written by Lloyd and Thornton.

After a considerable length of time, the 'Mirror' first, and next the 'Lounger,' by the same set of friends, were published at Edinburgh. And it is no mean praise, that these two papers still continue to maintain their place among so many other excellent productions of a similar nature. The 'Mirror' and 'Lounger,' in truth, are written with elegance; and many of them, those by Mr Mackenzie in particular, on serious and important subjects, in a manner that does honour to the heart of the writer as a moralist, as well as to his taste and judgment as a polite scholar.*

Several of the characters are well drawn, and well supported; and, notwithstanding the narrow limits of local manners, by which the writers have found themselves occasionally circumscribed, their lucubrations will be read with interest, as a valuable addition to the stock of English polite literature.

The 'Mirror' commenced 23d January, 1779, and continued till 27th May, 1780. The 'Lounger' commenced 5th February, 1785, and terminated 6th Janua-

* See 'Mirror,' No. 110.

ry, 1787. No similar publication is carrying on at present.

LIST OF DR BEATTIE'S WORKS.

Poems, ...	first published in the year	1760.
Essay on Truth, ...	ditto,	1771.
Minstrel, Book I.	ditto,	1771.
——— Book II.	ditto,	1774.
Essay on Truth, ...	ditto,	1776.
—— on Poetry and Music, ...		
—— on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition,		
—— on Classical Learning, ...		
Dissertations on Memory and Imagination, . .	ditto,	1783.
——— on Dreaming, ...		
——— on the Theory of Language, . . .		
——— on Fable and Romance, ...		
——— on the Attachments of Kindred, .		
——— on Illustrations of Sublimity, . . .		
Evidences of Christianity, ...	ditto,	1786.
Elements of Moral Science, Vol. I.	ditto,	1790.
——— Vol. II.	ditto,	1793.

A translation into Dutch of the 'Essay on Truth' was published at Utrecht in the year 1773; and the first

volume of 'Elements of Moral Science' was also translated into the same language, soon after the book was published here, by Frederick Henry Hennert, Professor of Mathematics and Experimental Philosophy in the university of Utrecht. Whether a translation was also published of the second volume of that work, I do not find any trace among his papers.

The following additional Notes were furnished for the present edition, but unfortunately too late for their insertion as foot-notes, where they are referred to in the text. They are therefore inserted here.

Vol. I. p. 28.

David Beattie, although he was possessed of integrity and industry, appears to have been all his life in needy circumstances, and was often under pecuniary obligations to his brother. At the time of Dr Beattie's death, besides many presents he had made to his brother during his life, there still remained undischarged from him to the Doctor, a bond for a considerable sum of money, with a large arrear of interest. This bond, by his will, he directed his executors to cancel; besides bequeath-

ing to him the legacy which became void, as mentioned in the text.

Dr Beattie's nephew, Captain Valentine, and his niece, Mrs Glennie, his residuary legatees, have signified their intention of paying this legacy to David's children, although not bound to do so by law.

Vol. II. p. 165.

My worthy, learned and ingenious friend, the Rev. Dr Jamieson, a dissenting clergyman in Edinburgh, has been employed, during several years, in a very laborious work now in the press, somewhat to the purpose here alluded to by Dr Beattie: it is an Archæalogical Dictionary. Of the work considerable expectations are formed; the subject of which is curious, and no pains, I am persuaded, will be spared by Dr Jamieson in the execution. I hope his health will enable him to support the fatigue of so difficult a task. Another learned and ingenious friend of mine, the late Rev. Mr Boucher, vicar of Epsom, in Surry, was some years engaged in a work of a similar nature. From his idea that all the old words used in Scotland are to be received as originally English, it was his design to include all such as he could find in print under that description: Dr Jamieson's work is not meant to include the old English words not found in our Scottish authors, nor any provincialisms not common to Scotland; while it comprehends, not only the

Scottish words to be met with in our printed books and in MSS. but a great part of those ancient terms which are yet retained in the familiar conversation of this country, although they may not appear to have been formerly used in writing. Hence, notwithstanding some occasional coincidences, the work of the one does not supersede the utility of the other. Poor Dr Boucher's health did not prove equal to the labour of his undertaking, which he sunk under before completing it. His papers passed into the hands of a learned friend, who has lately laid before the public a specimen of the work.

Addition to Note on p. 312. Vol. II

Since the publication of the first edition, I have met with Metastasio's interesting letter on the comparative merits of Tasso and Ariosto, and it may gratify the reader to find it here.

..... " La seconda richiesta di pronunciar sul merito dell 'Ariosto, e del Tasso è una troppo malagevole provincia, che V. S. Illustrissima m'assegna, senza aver misurate le mie facceltà. Ella sa da quai tumulti fu sconvolto il Parnaso Italiano, quando comparve il Goffredo a contrastare il primato al Furioso, che n'era già con tanta ragione in possesso. Ella sa quanto inutilmente stancarono i torchj il Pelligrini il Rossi, il Sal

viati; e cento e cento altri campioni dell' uno, e dell' altro poeta. Ella sa, che il pacifico Orazio Ariosti discendente da Lodovico si affaticò invano a metter d' accordo i combattimenti, dicendo, che i poemi di questi due divini ingegni erano di genere così diverso, che non ammettevano paragone; che Torquato si era proposto di mai non deporre la tromba, e l'avea portentosamente eseguito; che Lodovico aveva voluto dilettare i lettori colla varietà dello stile mischiando leggiadramente all' eroico il giocoso, ed il festivo e l'aveva mirabilmente ottenuto; che il primo avea mostrato, quanto vaglia il magistero dell' arte, il secondo quanto possa la libera felicità della natura, che l'uno non men, che l'altro avevano a giusto titolo consequito gli applausi, e l'ammirazione universale, e che erano pervenuti entrambi al sommo della gloria poetica, ma per differente cammino, e senza aver gara fra loro. Nè può esserle finalmente ignota la tanto celebre, ma più brillante, che solida distinzione, civè, che sia miglior poema il Goffredo, ma più gran poeta l'Ariosto. Or tutto ciò sapendo, a qual titolo pretende ella mai che io mi arroghi l'autorità di risolvere una questione, che depo tanti ostinatissimi letterari conflitti rimane ancora indecisa? Pure se non è a me lecito in tanta lite il sedere *pro tribunali*, mi sarà almeno permisso il narrarle istoricamente gli effetti, che io stesso ho in me risentiti alla lettura di cotesti insigni poeti. Quando io nacqui alla lettera trovai tutto il mondo diviso in parti. Quell' illustre Liceo, nel quale io fui per mia buona sorte raccolto; seguitava quella

dell' Omero Ferrarese, e con l'eccesso di fervore, che suole accompagnare le contese. Per secondare la mia poetica inclinazione mi fu da' miei maetris proposta la lettura, e l' imitazione dell' Ariosto, giudicando molto più atta a fecondar gl'ingegni la felice libertà di questo che la servile (dicon essi) regolarità del suo rivale. L'autorità mi persause, e l'infinito merito dello scrittore m'occupò quindi a tal segno, che non sazio di rileggerlo, m'indussi a poterne ripetere una gran parte a memoria; e guai allora a quel temerario, che avesse osato sostenermi, che potesse aver l'Ariosto un rivale, ch'ei non fosse impeccabile. V'era ben frattanto chi per sedurmi andava recitando di tratto in tratto alcuno de' più bei passi della Gerusalemme liberata, ed io me ne sentiva dilettevolmente commosso; ma fedelissimo alla mia setta detestava cotesta mia compiacenza come una di quelle peccaminose inclinazioni della corrotta umana natura, e ch'è nostro dovere di correggere: ed in questo sentimento ho trascorsi quegli anni, nè quali il nostro giudizio è pura imitazion dell' altrui. Giunto poi a poter combinar l' idee da me stesso, ed a pesarle nella propria bilancia, più per isvogliaterra, e desiderio di varietà, che per piacere, e profitto, ch' io me ne promettessii, lessi finalmente il Goffedro. Or quì non è possibile, che io le spieghi lo strano sconvolgimento, che mi sollevò nell 'animo cotesta lettura. Lo spettacolo, ch' io vidi come in un quadro presentarmisi innanzi di una grande, e sola azione lucidamente proposta, magistralmente condetta, e perfettamente compiuta, la

varietà di tanti avvenimenti, che la producono, e l' arricchiscono senza moltiplicarla, la magìa di uno stile sempre limpido, sempre sublime, sempre sonoro, e possente a rivestir della propria sua nobiltà i più comuni, ed umili oggetti, il vigoroso colorito, col quale ci paragona, e descrive, la seduttrice evidenza, colla quale ci narra, e persaude, i caretteri veri, e costanti, la connessione dell' idee, la dottrina, il giudizio, sopra ogni altra cosa la portentosa forza d' ingegno, che in vece d' infiacchirsi, come comunemente avviene in ogni lungo lavoro, fino all' ultimo verso in lui mirabilmente s' accresce, mi ricolmarono d' un nuovo, sino a quel tempo da me non conosciuto diletto, d'una rispettosa ammirazione, di un vivo rimorso della mia lunga ingiustizia, e di uno sdegno implacabile contro coloro, che credono oltraggioso all' Ariosto il solo paragon di Torquato. Non è già, che ancor io non ravvisi in questo, qualche segno della nostra imperfetta umanità. Ma chi può vantarsene esente? Forse il grande suo antecessore? Se dispiace tolvolta nel Tasso la lima troppo visibilmente adoperata, non soddisfà nell' Ariosto così frequentemente negletta. Se si vorrebbe toglieze all' uno alcuni concettini inferiori all' elevazion della sua mente, non si lasciano volentieri all' altro alcune scurrilità poco decenti ad un costumato poeta, e se si bramerebbero men rettoriche nel Goffredo le tenerezze amorose contenterebbero assai più nel Furioso, se fossero men naturali. *Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum:* e sarebbe maligna vanità pedantesca l'andar rilevando con di

sprezzo in due così splendidi luminari le rare, e piccole macchie, *quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura.* Tutto ciò, dirà ella, non risponde alla mia domando. Si vuol sapere nettamente a qual de' due proposti poemi si debba la preminenza. Io ho già riverentemente, signor Diodati, antecedentemente protestata la mia giusta ripugnanza a così ardita decisione, e pur ubbidirla in quel modo, che a me non disconviene, le ho esposti in iscambio i moti, che mi destarono nell' animo i due divini poeti. Se tutto ciò non basta, eccole ancora le disposizioni, nelle quali, dopo aver in grazia sua esaminato nuovamente me stesso, presentemente io mi trovo. Se per ostentazione della sua potenza venisse al nostro buon padre Apollo il capriccio di far di me un gran poeta, e mi imponesse a tal fine di palesargli liberamente a qual de' due poeti io bramerei somigliante quello, ch'ei promettesse dettarmi, molto certamente esiterei nella scelta; ma la mia forse soverchia natural propensione all' ordine, all' esatezza, al sistema, sento, che pure al fine m' inclinerebbe al Goffredo." . . . . . .

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